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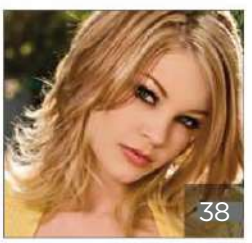
july/august 2010 [contents]

July
Pet of
the Month
Lela Star
page 64



August
Pet of
the Month
Mckenzee Miles
page 79

PICTORIALS

38 Au Naturel
Bree Victoria

64 Super Star
July Pet of the Month
Lela Star

79 Wild Child
August Pet of the Month
Mckenzee Miles

102 Netbang
Bella & Blaire

120 Million Dollar Babe
Hollie "Hotstuff" Dunaway

FULL FRONTAL

11 Revealing Entertainment

12 Badass Babes
These heroines punch, shoot, and kill—sometimes just for fun.

14 Flicks
Reviews, previews, and our Top Ten badass catchphrases.

16 Sounds
Pharrell Williams interview, reviews, and the most badass albums of the decade.

18 Joystick
Transformers: War for Cybertron, *Crackdown 2*, and *NCAA Football 11*.

20 Reads
Mad Men Unbuttoned, *War*, and *The Facebook Effect*.

LIFE ON TOP

23 Guided Tour
Entertaining alternatives to L.A.'s All-Star Game.

26 Driving Force
The Viper's last strike.

28 Freewheelin'
Harley-Davidson's Forty-Eight.

30 Gear/Tech
These gadgets bring new meaning to "cutting edge."

34 Scoundrel
Is a hot chubby-chaser worth a major binge?

35 Live & Learn
How to make chicks think you're badass.

36 The Pour House
Modern-day moonshine.

[contents] july/august 2010

FEATURES

48 2010 American Badass List
Celebrating our nation's latest heroes, as well as the rogues and renegades who define our greatness.

54 Muscle Man
After beating a life-threatening illness, UFC champ Brock Lesnar is ready for all comers. By Mike Chiappetta

56 Triple Shot of Red Bull
A weekend of skydiving, flying, and NASCAR. By Drew Magary

60 Stand-Up Guys
Trying to get laughs at New York's notorious Sing-Sing prison. By Dave Hill

62 Let's Ride
The legendary Hell's Angels leader recalls when motorcycle riding was practically a crime. By Sonny Barger

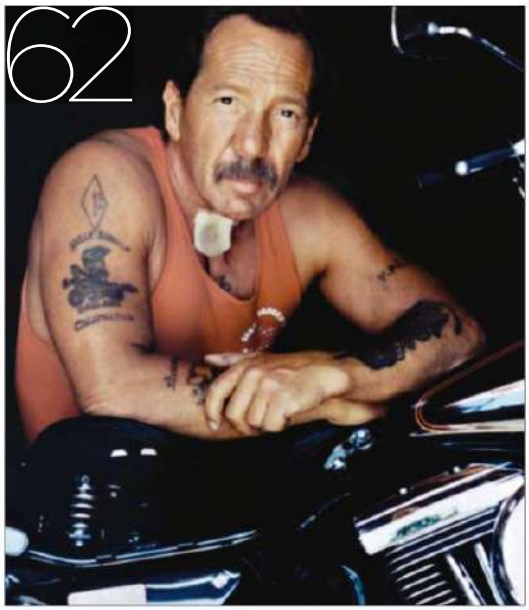
92 The SeX Games
Hard-core fetishists search for the ultimate high. By Barbara Pizio

94 Survive the End of the World
What you should do when the only thing you can count on is uncertainty. By Michael Estrin

98 Safe at Home
Everyday household items to repel a home invasion, or worse. By Ben Thompson

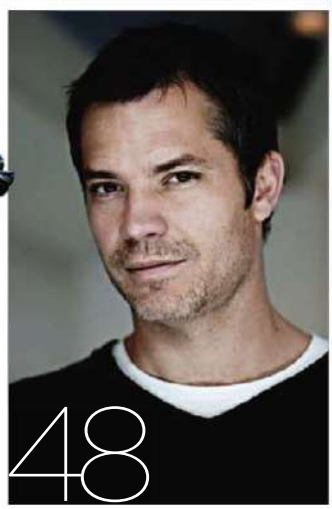
100 Bullets, Blades, and Blasters
In America, the variety of weapons available for self-defense is almost limitless. By William Spain

142 Parting Shot
Sigourney Weaver



DEPARTMENTS

4 Forum
88 Working Stiff
90 Hard News
112 Sex Ed.
116 Illustrated Forum
130 X-Rated Video



Correction from May 2010: The article "Babes, BBQ, and Bourbon" incorrectly named John Calipari as the basketball coach for the Louisville Cardinals. Rick Pitino is the Cardinals' coach. Calipari coaches the Kentucky Wildcats.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) REUTERS/CORBIS, (TOP RIGHT) AP PHOTO/JIM MONE, (BOTTOM LEFT) NICOLAS GUERIN/CORBIS, (BOTTOM RIGHT) NICOLAS GUERIN/CORBIS

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BANGING TO THE BEAT

It had been an unusually hot week, and I was looking forward to a day or two at the coast. I had nearly finished packing my bag when the phone rang. It was my buddy Parker asking me to help him do security at a music festival that weekend. I could already taste the sea air, but no matter how many excuses I came up with, he insisted that I owed him for a past favor. In the end, I agreed to do it. Leaving my half-packed bag on the bed, I started the one-hour drive to the concert grounds.

By the time I arrived at the parking field, I was looking forward to seeing some of the headliners perform that evening. In the meantime, I had a great time taking in the sights, like the abundance of beautiful women in tight cutoffs and skimpy tops. It was almost as good as being at the coast.

One spectacular-looking babe caught my eye. She had long red hair that hung down to her absolutely gorgeous ass, and she wore a short, black ruffled dress with knee-high leather boots.

After I was done working the gate, I went back to my car to smoke some herb. Pleasantly buzzed, I grabbed my cooler of beer and headed to the concert. I found a spot at the back of the crowd and stood on my cooler to check out the scene. Within five minutes I spotted the girl with the gorgeous ass. She was only ten feet in front of me, swinging her hips to the music. Without warning, she looked over her shoulder and we made eye contact. She held my gaze as she walked back toward me. I stepped off the cooler, and when we were face to face, she asked me if I liked her dancing. Of course I did. I helped her up onto my cooler and, when she resumed her hip-pumping gyrations, I had a cock-hardening view of her white silk thong.

She eased my cock into her hole. She was hot as hell and tight as a fist. I wanted to bang my dick into her over and over.

When she saw me looking, she licked her lips and held out her hand for me to help her down. Without missing a beat, she moved in front of me, placed my hands on her hips, and ground her sweet cheeks hard into my crotch in time to the music. I moved one hand under her skirt and inside her thong to her very wet pussy. At the touch of my fingers, her head fell back onto my shoulder and she said, "I'm ready for this," while she tried to free my hard-on from my jeans.

I couldn't speak, but I could help her with the zipper. I looked left and right to see if anyone was watching—not that I would have stopped—then raised her skirt and moved as close to her as I could. She handed me a little penknife and told me to put it to good use. I did, slitting the thong on both sides of her hips before pulling it from between her legs and stuffing it into my back pocket.

After rubbing her juicy pussy back and forth over my dick, she tilted her hips forward and eased just the head of my cock into her hot, wet hole. Then she gently bounced her hips against me, again and again, until I was in down to the root. I had one hand wrapped around her waist and the other palming her tit. She was hot as hell and tight as a fist. I wanted to bang my dick into her over and over, much faster than the music's pounding bass, but she kept a slow, steady pace that was frustrating as hell. All I could do was grind into her as hard as possible.

We screwed for about ten minutes, and when I was about to explode, she turned her head to me and said, "Harder, do it harder!"

I grabbed her hips and rammed all seven inches into her cunt, thrusting into her twice more before my balls

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tightened and my come surged into her spasming pussy. Jet after jet of jizz erupted from my dick until we were both spent.

I held her up for a few minutes before my dick slipped out, along with our combined juices. I pulled a bandana from my pocket to clean us up before putting away my dick and pulling down her skirt. She quickly grabbed the sticky bandana and, giving me a wicked grin, said, "Cool. Now we both have souvenirs!"

Turned out she had hitched to the concert and needed a ride. I asked her where she was headed and she said, "Back to your place, I hope." But that's another story.—*M.J., New Hampshire*

SHOWTIME

Super Bowl 2009 was the absolute best. But it wasn't the game that was special—it was the halftime show that was so memorable.

My wife, Regan, had invited her friend Jackie over for drinks and to watch the game with us. At the two-minute warning for the first half, Regan and Jackie left the room, but I didn't pay much attention to them. When halftime rolled around, however, they had my undivided attention.

These two gorgeous blondes came back into the living room and stood in front of me, wearing only black garter belts, stockings, and heels. I was stunned as I looked them over from head to toe, taking in their perky tits, long legs, and bald cunts.

Regan handed me our video camera, telling me that she and her friend had their own halftime show, and it was taking place in the bedroom. The blood rushed to my cock as I jumped up from the couch and followed them eagerly. Regan enticing me with her centerfold-worthy figure and a camera was one thing, but Regan *and* her sexy friend was proof that I must have recently done something right.

I turned the video camera on as Regan and Jackie lay down on the bed, kissing softly at first, then more passionately, as they began moaning and feeling each other up.

When Regan sucked on Jackie's nipples and kissed her way down Jackie's writhing body to her sleek mound, their halftime show was officially in full swing. I zoomed in for a close-up as Regan lapped at Jackie's

cunt. They were both moaning and whimpering, and I couldn't tell which of them was having the better time. I was having a pretty good time myself. My cock was so hard that I had to unzip my pants and stroke it.

Things really heated up when Regan's fingers tunneled into Jackie's cunt as she gently sucked on her clit.

"*Ooh,* that feels so good!" Jackie cried. Regan pulled her mouth from Jackie's clit to concentrate on finger-fucking her as I focused on Regan's wet fingers plunging in and out and her thumb moving back and forth over Jackie's love bud.

"I'm coming, I'm coming!" Jackie screamed. The magnitude of Jackie's orgasm caught Regan and me by surprise, as pulsing streams of juice squirted out onto Regan's hand. I'd only seen girls squirt like that in porn videos, so I was glad I had the camera to capture Jackie's gusher.

"How fucking beautiful was that!" Regan gasped, as she pulled her drenched fingers out of Jackie, then buried her face between Jackie's legs, licking and sucking the juices from Jackie's cunt.

Jackie wanted to return the favor and had Regan straddle her face. Regan was facing me, so I had a clear shot as Jackie's tongue lapped and swirled in and around Regan's pussy. I'd never heard Regan moan the way she did while Jackie ate her out. I was definitely picking up a few tips from the girls. But in the meantime, I could only imagine how good her talented tongue would feel licking up and down my aching cock.

"Oh, yeah, suck me off!" Regan cried, as she enjoyed her own release. But things didn't stop there. Regan crawled toward me and took the camera, while Jackie granted me my wish, taking my throbbing cock into her warm, wet mouth and giving me a much-needed blowjob.

But there was more! After watching the rest of the game, the girls took me back into the bedroom for an incredibly beautiful postgame treat—our first threesome.

The football season had come to an end, but our season of beautiful, unbridled sex was just beginning.—*S.M., Minnesota*

More letters on page 132

I zoomed in as Regan lapped at Jackie's cunt. They were both moaning and whimpering.

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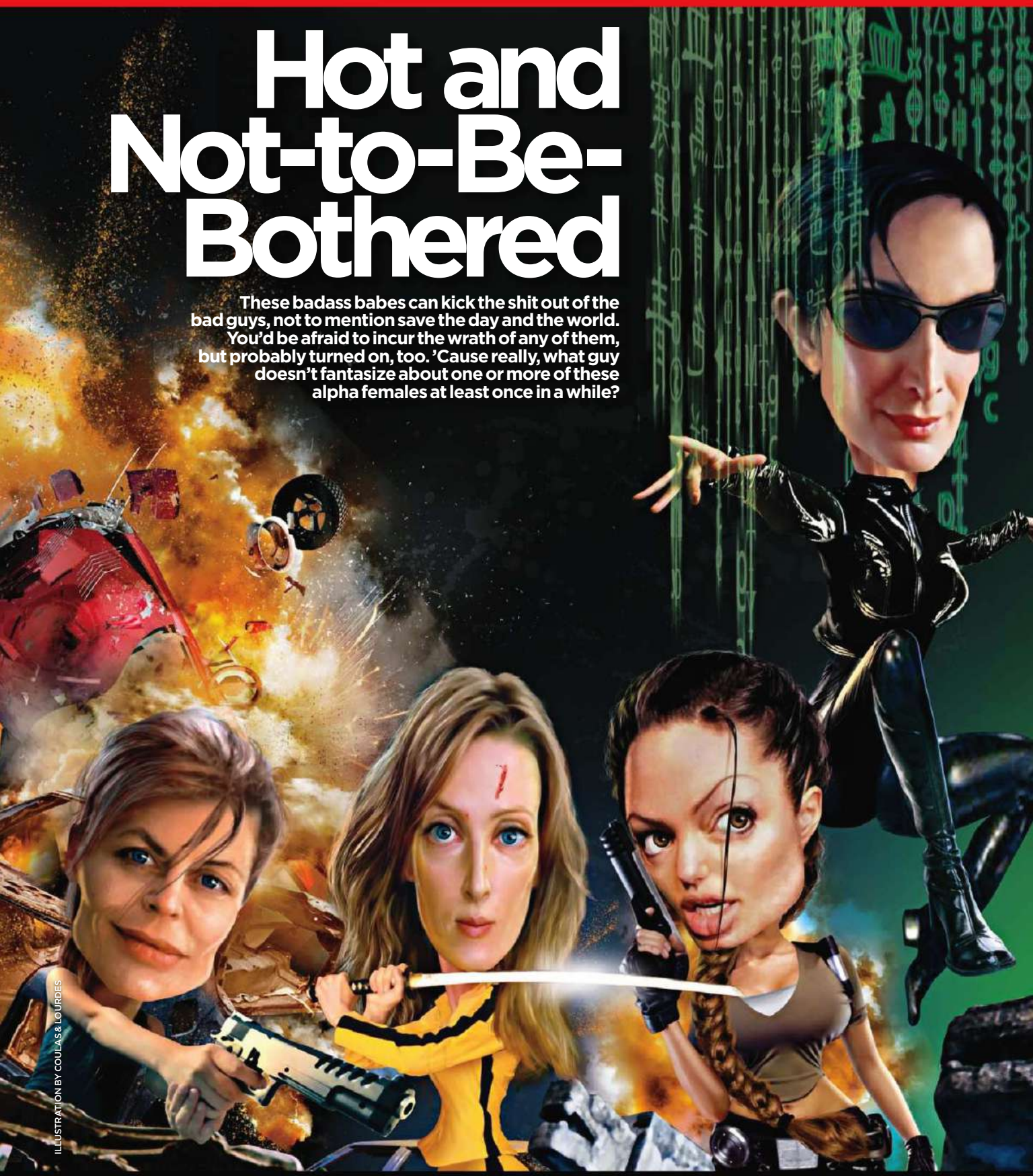
Hot and Not-to-Be-Bothered

These badass babes can kick the shit out of the bad guys, not to mention save the day and the world. You'd be afraid to incur the wrath of any of them, but probably turned on, too. 'Cause really, what guy doesn't fantasize about one or more of these alpha females at least once in a while?



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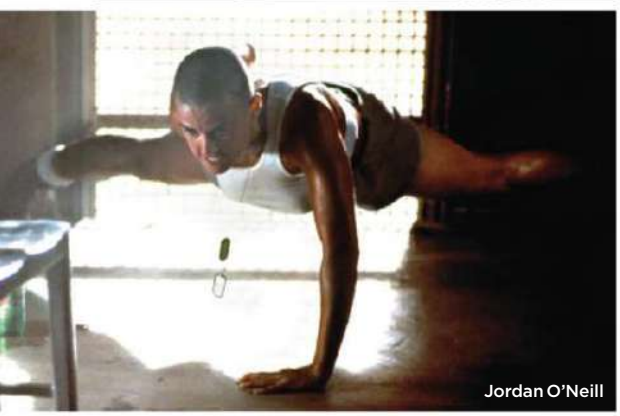
Badass Babes

Forget damsels in distress: These heroines will punch, shoot, and slice to kill in order to protect their country, their honor, and their loved ones—and sometimes just for the hell of it.

By Melissa Anderson

Foxy Brown


Jordan O'Neill

VARLA (Tura Satana) in *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!,* 1965
This buxom leader of a trio of go-go dancers is always out for sick kicks: During a drag race in the desert, the black-clad dominatrix murders a dude with her bare hands, then binds and gags his girlfriend. When she finds out about an old coot's cache of cash, her karate skills lead her to the loot.

EMMA PEEL (Diana Rigg) in *The Avengers,* 1965–1968
No crime fighter can work a miniskirt or a PVC catsuit quite like swinging London's swingingest spy, who's a martial-arts maven, a fear-inspiring fencer, a chemistry genius, and a master of disguise.

FOXY BROWN (Pam Grier) in *Foxy Brown,* 1974
The blaxploitation era's most right-on sister is "a whole lotta woman" whose Afro hides the small-caliber automatic she's using to kill the honkies who offed her boyfriend—when she's not serving up some jive turkey's ding-a-ling in a pickle jar or throwing bar stools in a dyke bar.

SARAH CONNOR (Linda Hamilton) in *The Terminator,* 1984, and *Terminator 2: Judgment Day,* 1991
When your unborn son is destined to be the leader of the humans in a war against highly advanced robots, you'd better be one tough mama. Sarah becomes pure ripped muscle in her fight against the machines, transforming from mousy waitress to lethal survivor/weapons expert who's more dangerous with a ball-point pen than many movie heroes are with a knife.

NIKITA (Annie Parillaud) in *La Femme Nikita,* 1990
A filthy, homeless druggie who shoots a cop in the face during a holdup gone awry is sent not to jail but to a government-backed assassin-training program. Three years later, she emerges as one of France's sexiest, slinkiest killers, her Magnum locked and loaded.

XENA (Lucy Lawless) in *Xena: Warrior Princess,* 1995–2001
This sword-lover treks through Ancient Greece, devoted lady companion Gabrielle at her side, redeeming her warmongering past by using her formidable physical prowess in defense of innocents and against baddies from Sparta, Athens, Corinth, and beyond.

JORDAN O'NEILL (Demi Moore) in *G. I. Jane,* 1997
Determined to become a Navy SEAL, Jordan endures the grueling physical trials of Hell Week (raft liftings, calisthenics, obstacle courses, the taunting and teasing of the guys in her barracks) to prove that she's woman enough to take on any man—memorably expressed when she tells her master chief, "Suck my dick!"

BUFFY SUMMERS (Sarah Michelle Gellar) in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* 1997–2003
The teenage Chosen One saves Sunnydale, California, from blood-suckers, demons, and other forces of darkness, all while navigating the treacherous terrain of adolescence. Series creator Joss Whedon wanted to subvert the image of the "helpless" young blonde, a staple of the horror genre—and he did, thanks to the formidable fighting skills of Gellar and her stuntwomen.

TRINITY (Carrie-Anne Moss) in *The Matrix,* 1999
As adept at hacking a computer as she is operating a Bell 212 helicopter—and let's not forget her finesse in both armed and unarmed combat—the female force of the Wachowski brothers' revolutionary film is an

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

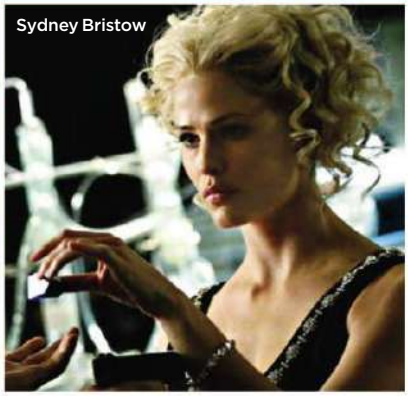
indispensable soldier in the intifada against corrupt cyberintelligence.

YU SHU LIEN (Michelle Yeoh) in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon,* 2000
Yeoh, who performed her own stunts in such action films as *The Heroic Trio* and her own fight scenes as a Bond girl in *Tomorrow Never Dies,* shows off her fierce martial-arts moves as the warrior-heroine squaring off against the thief of the Green Destiny sword.

LARA CROFT (Angelina Jolie) in *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider,* 2001
Angie's made her career playing badasses—think of the foxy killers she portrayed in *Mr. & Mrs. Smith* and *Wanted*—but none is tougher (or wears tighter outfits) than this aristocratic (that's *Lady* Lara to you) antiquities-hunter-for-hire who fends off the evil Illuminati with hand-to-hand combat.

SYDNEY BRISTOW (Jennifer Garner) in *Alias,* 2001–2006
Double agents don't come any more doable than Sydney, out for revenge after her employer, supposedly a covert branch of the CIA, kills her fiancé. Terrorists and traitors are no match for her Krav Maga skills, polyglot prowess, and three-dimensional-reasoning acumen.

Sarah Walker


Sydney Bristow

BEATRIX KIDDO (Uma Thurman) in *Kill Bill: Volumes I* and *II,* 2003 and 2004
Quentin Tarantino's ruthless assassin, also known as the Bride, seeks to destroy those who massacred her wedding guests and left her for dead. The kung-fu master travels to Okinawa to take on the Crazy 88, leaving a pile of bloody, dismembered limbs in her wake—the first stop of the avenging angel before finally settling an old score with archnemesis Elle Driver.

SARAH WALKER (Yvonne Strahovski) in *Chuck,* 2007–
This blonde-bombshell CIA operative and daughter of a con artist will go to any lengths to protect her charge, the eponymous computer nerd, killing in cold blood if she must. Her skill with her weapon of choice—knives—leaves us breathless.

Sarah Michelle Gellar

Amy Acker

Alyson Hannigan

WOMEN OF WHEDON

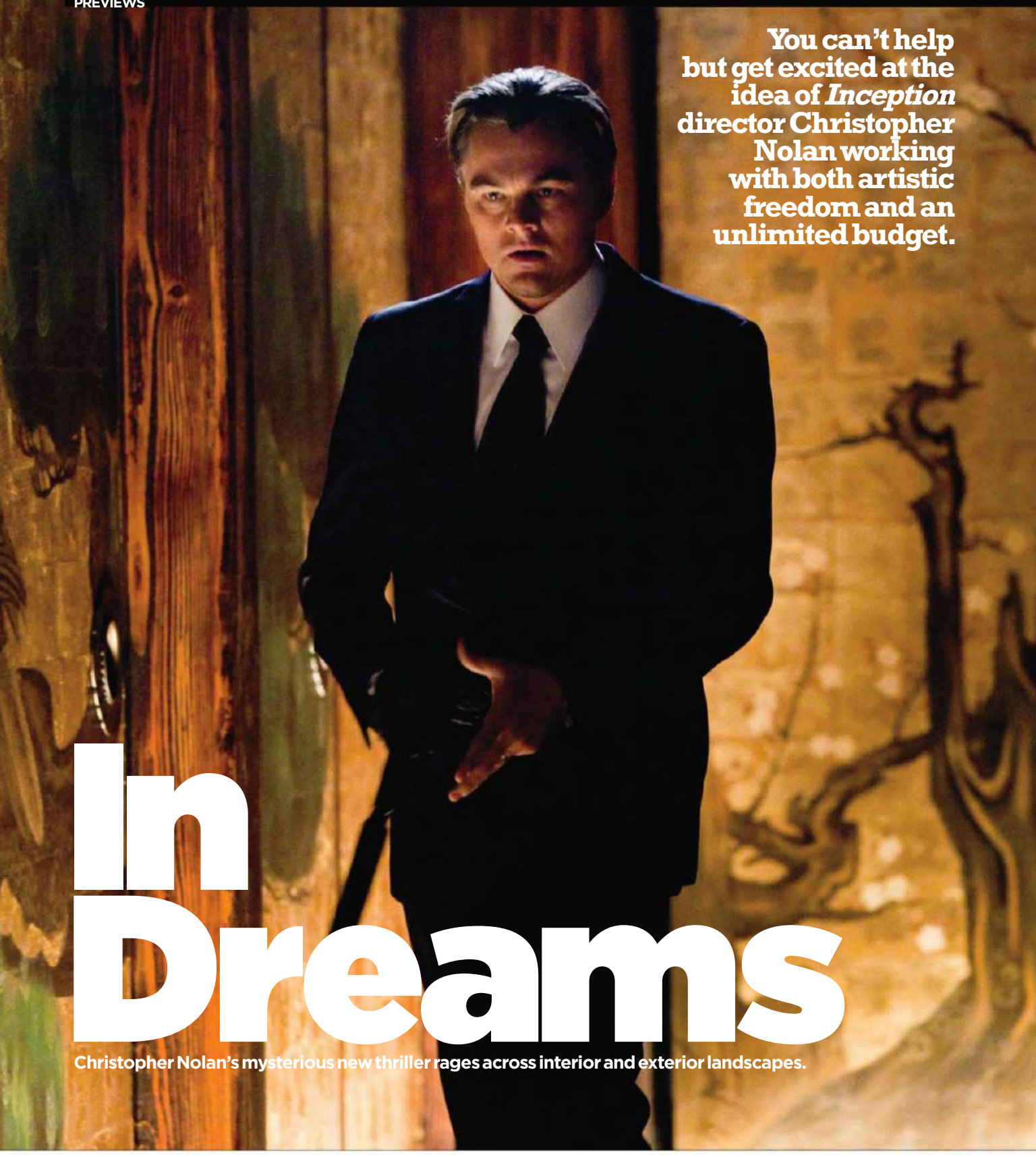
James Cameron has directed two monumental badass women—Sigourney Weaver as Ellen Ripley (see Parting Shot on page 142) and Linda Hamilton as Sarah Connor—but Joss Whedon is also responsible for some truly kick-ass female characters.

It's difficult to discuss writer/director Joss Whedon's vampire slayer Buffy Summers (Sarah Michelle Gellar) without digressing into a conversation about his other dangerous damsels. The cult-TV god has a well-deserved reputation for creating tough and sexy women you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley. The *Buffy* spin-off *Angel,* for instance, featured a pre-*Dexter* **Julie Benz** as the vampire's badass, blood-sucking ex-girlfriend/sire/baby mama, while **Amy Acker** went from playing a shy scientist to a super-charged, blue-haired demon who was ready, willing, and able to do serious damage.

Whedon's short-lived space-cowboys series *Firefly* featured **Gina Torres** as a hard-nosed soldier and **Summer Glau** as a sweetly unstable psychic/superhuman killing machine whose crowning moment comes in the postseries movie *Serenity*. Tiny River Tam single-handedly kills an entire army of bloodthirsty space cannibals in a fight scene choreographed to show off Glau's classical ballet skills.

Then there's **Eliza Dushku,** Buffy's sexy, sarcastic counterpart, "slayer gone bad" Faith. Dushku starred in Whedon's most recent series, *Dollhouse,* as a beautiful "blank slate" who could be imprinted with any personality, whether a client needed a date for an S&M party or a safe-cracking art thief. Dushku's Echo spent her time dodging arrows from a guy whose idea of postcoital bliss included hunting his date with a bow and arrow, marrying a bad guy while on assignment as an undercover cop, and everything in between. Eventually, Echo's own agenda of taking down the evil corporation that was messing with her mind led to some major ass-kicking.

And while Buffy's witchy best friend, Willow (**Alyson Hannigan**), used smarts and spells to fight, she also almost destroyed the world when she turned to the dark side. Sure, love saved the day, but not before she peeled the skin off another villain.—*Nicole Green*



You can't help but get excited at the idea of *Inception* director Christopher Nolan working with both artistic freedom and an unlimited budget.

In Dreams

Christopher Nolan's mysterious new thriller rages across interior and exterior landscapes.

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

REVIEWS

Inception
Leonardo DiCaprio, Ellen Page, Marion Cotillard, Joseph Gordon-Levitt

Once in a blue moon, Hollywood can function like the biggest, craziest art studio on the planet. Whenever a director with a specific vision and enough clout to realize it his way comes along, that is. Such is the case with Christopher Nolan's hush-hush follow-up to *The Dark Knight.* After becoming the $600-million man, Nolan earned the right to call any play he liked. Here's what he chose: a hugely expensive high-tech thriller starring DiCaprio, Ken Watanabe, and *Juno*'s Page. The project is very much under wraps, but we don't expect anything as simple as a mere action movie. Among the few secrets that have leaked: The premise involves corporate espionage and mental invasion. Nolan has said it's about "the world of dreams and the interior of the human mind." When you rifle through Nolan's résumé—including the backward-mind-fuck *Memento, Dark Knight,* and the underrated *The Prestige*—you can't help but get excited at the idea of this guy working with both artistic freedom and an unlimited budget.

Dinner for Schmucks
Steve Carrell, Paul Rudd, Zach Galifianakis

Carell is almost always a welcome on-screen presence, especially if he's being supremely awkward in a suit and tie, or specs and a pocket protector. But rumor has it that he's out-doofused even himself in this black comedy about an ambitious exec (Rudd) who must impress his mean-spirited boss by excelling at a strange game: bringing the most ridiculous guest to a private party. Rudd's guest is, of course, our 40-year-old virgin, Carell (Galifianakis plays one of the other awkward guests). Imagine Peter Sellers turned loose at the real estate firm from *Glengarry Glen Ross,* and you're close.

Get Low
Robert Duvall, Bill Murray, Sissy Spacek

To us, Duvall will always be *Apocalypse Now*'s Lieutenant Colonel Kilgore, striding the battlefield and smelling napalm in the morning (see below). But he's also one of the greatest actors in America (still), and this golden-years turn as a rural hermit should remind everyone of his gifts. Duvall plays a bushy-bearded misanthrope who lopes out of the woods, still on Depression-era time, to make his own funeral arrangements. (A version of this story actually happened.) Duvall commands every frame, even with such heavy-hitters as Murray and Spacek in the cast. Let the Oscar race begin.

Cyrus
Jonah Hill, John C. Reilly, Marisa Tomei

A freshly shorn Hill clicks over from awkward-funny (see *Superbad,* and all those Judd Apatow comedies) to downright creepy-funny in this winning indie comedy. Single mother Tomei (as smoking-hot as ever) is back on the dating market, and Reilly, a sad-sack divorcé who charms her at a party, becomes her unexpected lover. But Reilly must soon deal with Hill, Tomei's live-in twenty-something son, who isn't quite ready to let them be happy. The battle of wits that ensues echoes Reilly's *Step Brothers,* and expertly walks the line between disturbing and funny.

The Badass Phrase Book

We rank the top-ten badass lines in movie history.

10 "I have come here to chew bubble gum and kick ass. And I'm all out of bubble gum." *They Live* (1988). This one skirts the line between badass and asinine, but "Rowdy" Roddy Piper puts it over the top, just barely.

9 "Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker." *Die Hard* (1988). Delivered with understatement, believe it or not—and more effective that way.

8 "Get away from her, you bitch!" *Aliens* (1986). This one doesn't look like much in print, but context—and Sigourney Weaver—put it over. And then some.

7 "Bond. James Bond." *Dr. No* (1962). As iconic as the man who said it: Connery, Sean Connery.

6 "I'll be back." *The Terminator* (1984). Not so much "I'll" as "Ah'l"—as in *Ahnold.*

5 "Say hello to my little friend." *Scarface* (1983). Pacino, in his mansion with a mountain of coke, and a freakin' grenade launcher.

4 "You talkin' to me?" *Taxi Driver* (1976). The scariest kind of badass: bat-shit insane.

3 "I'll make him an offer he can't refuse." *The Godfather* (1972). This line appears in all three *Godfather* flicks—and the offer is equally un-refusable every time.

2 "I love the smell of napalm in the morning." *Apocalypse Now* (1979). Shirtless, wearing a U.S. Cavalry Stetson, and seemingly oblivious to the firefight raging around him, Robert Duvall's Lieutenant Colonel Kilgore delivers this immortal line. Bonus kicker: "Some day this war is gonna end." Like he'll be sad to see that happen.

1 "Go ahead, make my day." *Sudden Impact* (1983). Brevity is the soul of wit—and badassery.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN SIDEBAR COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

Sweet Nothing

***Nothing,* the fourth album from N.E.R.D., wants to put your girl in the mood.**

By John Bolster

If you were to compile a list of the most badass producers of the past two decades, you'd have to put Pharrell Williams and Chad Hugo, aka the Neptunes, at or near the top, or your rankings would have no more validity than a grocery list.

The Virginia Beach, Virginia, duo has produced multiplatinum hits for artists ranging from Britney Spears to Snoop Dogg, using a trademark sound of off-kilter, jittery funk that hardly sounds commercial, yet routinely puts songs in the Top 40.

In 2001, Williams and Hugo teamed up with childhood friend Shay Haley and launched a side project titled N.E.R.D. (No one Ever Really Dies); it has proved, in its own idiosyncratic way, to be every bit as badass as the Neptunes' hit-making production.

Starting with their first U.S. release, 2002's *In Search of...* , N.E.R.D. carved out a more personal territory than the Neptunes' turf, and, true to the band's name, paid steady lyrical homage to awkward misfits. The music itself was even more inclusive, expertly integrating hip-hop, funk, rock, pop, metal, R&B, techno, drum-and-bass, and doses of genuine weirdness through two more albums, 2003's *Fly or Die* and 2008's *Seeing Sounds*.

The eclecticism continues on the new record, which dropped on June 15, but it's more streamlined this time out. We stopped by a Manhattan studio to preview a few tracks before it was released, and while Haley cued up the songs, Williams told us about the new record's very specific mission, the future of N.E.R.D, and his favorite cartoons.

An earlier title for this was *Instant Gratification*. Why the change?
We started out with 27 tracks, and we scrapped them all, because they just didn't meet the standard. They were too thought-about. There wasn't enough *feeling*. So we got rid of everything and started with ... nothing.

But it's not like that *Seinfeld* episode, a record about nothing, is it?
No, the whole album is our take on society, and a conversation between us and girls. What we set as a goal for this record was to *affect* women. For them to literally *feel* it, in certain places, when the shit is on.

You've said that the album is specially tuned to a frequency that connects with women. Did you mean that literally?

Well, actually, metaphorically. But literally—we're working on that, too.

Because that would be a breakthrough. You could patent it.
Well, yeah [*Laughs*]. But it's not about money this time around. It never really has been, but this time, it's all about feeling. We want women to know that when they get into that zone, when they're at their leisure and the music comes on—I'm not saying it just because you're from *Penthouse;* that's really what it is. When women have got a little bit of, like, Belvedere in their system, does this music react with the erogenous zones?

You've called N.E.R.D. a "niche" act in the past. Do you see the band making a bigger commercial breakthrough in the future?
You know, that's up to the universe. That's the only way we can think about it. Because it's not up to us. You can only take responsibility for what you can control. And what you can't control, you have to be able to accept.

Do you think the fact that N.E.R.D. records are so singular and hard to categorize has hurt sales in the past?
Sure, I think that's kicked in before, because what happens is, our albums end up being this interesting, unique salad. But "interesting" and "unique" isn't good for everyone. So for this one, we had to strip down to the bare bones. To start fresh, and just connect with women. We let that be the standard: Does it affect her?

What styles did you draw on for that?
We used the late sixties, early seventies as a canvas, and influences. So there's a little bit of Jim Morrison, and there are also some America moments. Most of our singles, the energetic, up-tempo ones, are more eighties-leaning, or late seventies. We even have a Doobie Brothers moment.

Let's switch it up for the last question: You guys are into cartoons, and Shay has even produced some animated TV pilots. So who's your favorite cartoon character of all time?
Haley: Optimus Prime. No doubt. Williams: Has to be Patrick Star, from SpongeBob. [*adopts dead-on Patrick Star voice*] "Hi, SpongeBob." He's the funniest guy. I would hang out with him if I could. He's amazing.

BY ANDY GREENWALD

REVIEWS

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
Mojo
Warner Bros.
★★

At this point in his riotously successful career, Tom Petty is free to do whatever the hell he wants. And what the 59-year-old Hall of Famer wants is to *jam,* man! Petty's first album with the Heartbreakers in eight years is a swampy, sticky ode to his home state of Florida and the, uh, natural weeds that may grow there. Meandering from bluesy balladry ("The Trip to Pirate's Cove") to straight-up blues ("U.S. 41"), with some ill-advised detours into reggae ("Don't Pull Me Over"), *Mojo* is the sound of a legend having fun—stems, seeds, and all.

THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM
American Slang
SideOneDummy
★★★

From *The Sopranos*' larger-than-life suburban gangsters to Bruce Springsteen's larger-than-life suburban fight songs, New Jersey often seems less like a state than a state of mind. And no one aside from Snooki channels the busted-lip swagger of Dirty Jerz better than the Gaslight Anthem's Brian Fallon. The title track and "The Diamond Church Street Choir" veer close to Springsteen bar-band tribute, but every so often Fallon taps a fresh vein: On the irresistible "Orphans" he swaggers like a man sick of his situation—and the Situation, too, most likely.

AGAINST ME!
White Crosses
Sire
★★★★

Punks tend to age about as gracefully as they dance: all violent elbows and awkward raging against the inevitable. But mouthy Against Me! frontman Tom Gabel somehow manages to become more interesting as he approaches the uncool age of 30, and continues to document the collision of youthful ideals with grown-up reality. "The revolution was a lie," he bellows on the anthemic "I Was a Teenage Anarchist," and on "We're Breaking Up," he sighs, "We used to like all the same bands." *White Crosses* argues that change is the only constant.

The Five Most Badass Albums of the Decade

Looking back at the hardest, most audacious records from 2000 to 2009.

JAY-Z
The Blueprint
Def Jam/Roc-A-Fella
2001

On which New York's finest sets his swagger to 11, samples Michael Jackson, invents a new word for utterly obliterating your competition (*ether;* verb), and introduces us to Kanye West. Monumental.

MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE
Three Cheers for Sweet Revenge
Reprise/WEA
2004

A gaggle of pasty, dead-end kids from Jersey rip off comic books and horror films to reinvent themselves as world-beating, fire-breathing hell-raisers. About as emo as a kick to the head.

MASTODON
Crack the Skye
Reprise/WEA
2009

The world's fiercest purveyors of prog-metal figure out how to make music as big as their ambition. These riffs could put more heshers in neck braces than a six-lane pile-up at a Metallica concert.

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE
Songs for the Deaf
Interscope
2002

The proudly underground, desert-dwelling burnouts of QOTSA conquer the mainstream, with beards, bongs, and egos intact—thanks in large part to the return of Dave Grohl: Drummer, for the first time since Nirvana.

SLEEP
Dopesmoker
Tee Pee
2003

This stoner-metal album consists of just one shoulder-crushingly heavy jam. More intense ways to spend an hour include jumping off buildings, bear-wrestling, and hang gliding over active volcanoes.

REVIEWS

Transformers: War for Cybertron

★★★★★
ACTIVISION
(XBOX 360, PS3, Wii, PC, DS)

This is not a videogame of either recent film, which featured the delectable Megan Fox. It's a prequel to the original animated series, and the game's storyline ends where the cartoon began. As soon as the first cut screen finishes revealing how Optimus—the Prime came later—met Bumblebee, you're in control. Without a moment's hesitation, you'll be shifting from vehicle to robot and back again, and blowing up enemies with a shit-eating grin on your face.

At heart, this is a hard-core third-person shooter like *Gears of War,* not a *Transformers* game that happens to be a shooter. That means (a) it's not lame and (b) using the controller will come naturally if you've played other shooters. For each level, you choose one of three Autobots or Decepticons (they all come with a full campaign mode); either the computer or one or two of your buddies in co-op mode play the other two. Each robot is equipped with two special abilities, such as a protective shield or a sonic boom, and can carry two weapons and grenades at a time. In competitive multiplayer mode, you can customize your character by choosing its abilities and weapons, and see how you fare in death matches and other standard multiplayer games.

This will be a whole new blockbuster in the *Transformers* universe.

★★★
THE HUNT
XS GAMES (XBOX 360, Wii)

When it comes to videogames, we generally prefer shooting bad guys to hunting virtual animals. But maybe we haven't been playing *good* hunting games, like this one.

Rocks: It was pretty cool to nab deer, bear, and rabbits in areas like the Florida Everglades, Alaska, and New Mexico to win trophies in tournaments. You get to race ATVs and skeet shoot in your downtime. The peripheral for the Wii version adds to the "realism."

Flops: The graphics need work. And while it's great that your on-screen avatar gets to use the same kind of tools that real hunters do to, say, mask their scent, you still end up without fresh meat no matter how well you shoot.

BY REBECCA SWANNER

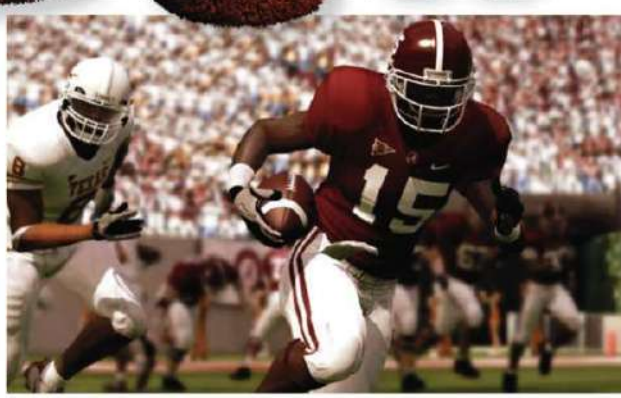
NAUGHTY BEAR

505 GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3)

If the videogame industry had a yearbook, this would be named Most Likely to Incite Parents to Protest. You play a bear who murders other bears after he's not invited to a birthday party. Excessive? Yes. Fun? Definitely.

Rocks: Killing other giant teddy bears is actually pretty entertaining. You can blow their stuffing out with a gun or use a machete to rip through them. You can even freak them out so much that they commit suicide. But there's more to it than listening to your inner evil conscience (who happens to be British). You can rack up serious points by destroying objects, then compare your numbers with other players worldwide.

Flops: Um, you're killing giant teddy bears. Slaughtering cute woodland creatures is enjoyable for a level, but it's not going to hold your attention for long.



CRACKDOWN 2

MICROSOFT (XBOX 360)

Bigger is better when it comes to gaming worlds. Fans of the original *Crackdown* will notice that while Pacific City hasn't expanded in square mileage, there's a lot more ground to cover. In fact, some buildings are more than 3,000 feet tall, making them great jumping-off platforms for you and your wing suit. In terms of plot, the virus that was released in the first game has turned ordinary citizens into crazed "freaks" hungry for brains. As a member of the Agency, it's up to you to discover how to slow the spread of the virus—despite the hearty efforts to kill you being made by the freaks and a renegade group known as the Cell.

Rocks: The online competitive play is the sweet spot. Games like rocket tag, in which you're shooting off rocket-propelled grenades and dodging incoming fire, are awesome. Orb-completists will enjoy collecting the ones scattered throughout this larger world.

Flops: More zombies? At least they come out only at night. You don't see vehicles change with upgrades, but they can be used by four players at once.

NCAA FOOTBALL 11

EA (XBOX 360, PS3, PS2)

When it comes to sports titles, developers face a constant challenge to make what is essentially the same game feel new again. Amazingly enough, this year *NCAA Football* has a lot to offer, besides its new cover boy, quarterback Tim Tebow.

Rocks: The animation is seamless. The artificial intelligence is more likely to flatten you or see the gap in your line, which—along with some other smaller tweaks—will force you to give up any sloppy habits you've been getting away with; having dual stick control and procedural tackling should help. The use of ESPN's graphics and stellar visuals make the game feel pretty darn realistic.

Flops: There's no PSP version, so if you want to play on the go you'll have to wait for next month's *Madden*.

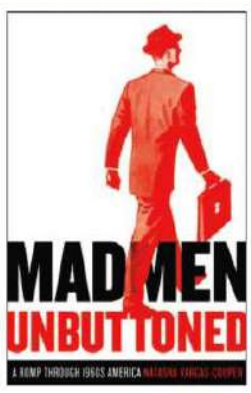
BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

Skinny Ties and All

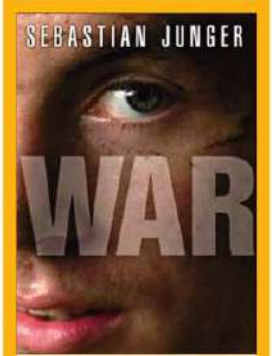
A new book uses the hit show *Mad Men* as a jumping-off point for a dazzling pop-culture history of the 1960s.

Mad Men Unbuttoned: A Romp Through 1960s America
By Natasha Vargas-Cooper
HarperStudio

If you're already a *Mad Men* fan, this book provides an invaluable complement to the show, taking you further into the characters' lives and time period than you would have imagined possible. And if you're not a fan, it's still a fascinating read, as Vargas-Cooper examines sex, the workplace, fashion, and real ad men of the 1960s. Her zeal for detail is unparalleled, and she ranges from a 1960s condom factory to a possible real-life model for the show's Rachel Menken character to the origins of the Marlboro Man. Vargas-Cooper ingeniously weaves dialogue from the show—such as Roger Sterling's comment about a colleague's rehab stint: "He only drinks beer now"—into her real-life histories. She identifies with Don Draper, but gives the other characters their due. Pete Campbell's prep-school attire and the show's skinny ties and gray-flannel suits get analyzed, as do iconic ads by Lucky Strike and Western Union. This is an opinionated, sexy history book for those who hate studying.



How did Facebook get so ubiquitous that to *not* be a member can be "tantamount to self-ostracism"? Kirkpatrick, with cooperation from company founder Mark Zuckerberg, has the answer. Some of the technical elements are dry, but the little details—like Zuckerberg recognizing the appeal of the Scrabble-like game Scrabulous when his grandparents started playing—and the takes on site redesign and privacy settings make this a fascinating, timely read (Simon & Schuster).



For this riveting account from Twelve books, Junger made five trips to the Korengal Valley in Afghanistan, where he was embedded for weeks at a time with the men of Second Platoon, Battle Company. He focuses on the experience of soldiers in combat, and produces remarkable insights ("Fear has a whole taxonomy—anxiety, dread, panic, foreboding—and you could be braced for one form and completely fall apart facing another") while also making a solid case that war can be addictive.—*John Bolster*

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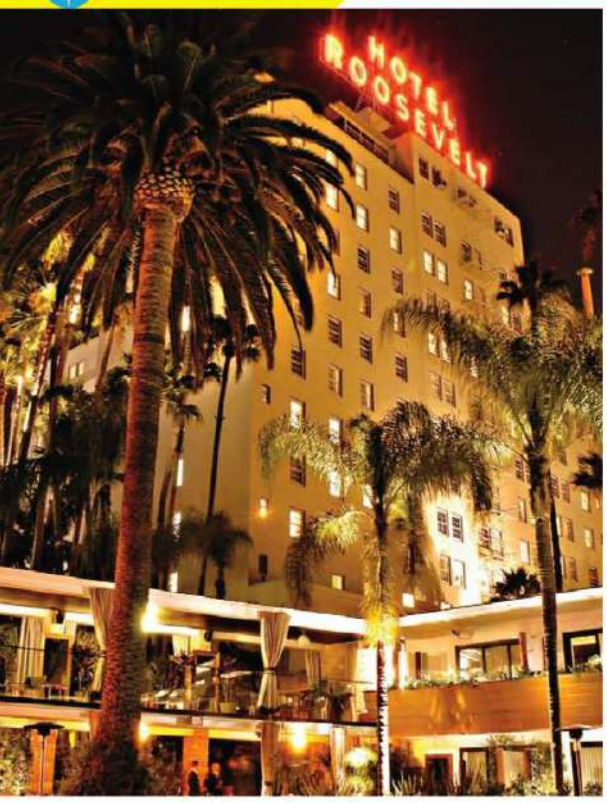
L.A. Confidential

Sure, you're in town for the All-Star Game. But Southern California in summer is about a lot more than spectator sports.

By Joe Diamond

GUIDED TOUR



From world-famous beaches to the highest concentration of hot young starlets since the Big Bang, Los Angeles and its environs are truly a fantasyland for single guys. Here's a rundown of some of the best places to get your own game on.

BEST HOTEL BARS

Tropicana Bar/Teddy's at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood
HollywoodRoosevelt.com
7000 Hollywood Boulevard
Main hotel: 323-466-7000
Teddy's: 323-785-7247
Tropicana: 323-769-7260
Nothing quite captures the Hollywood player experience like the star-studded Tropicana Bar. No wonder hit shows such as *Entourage* like to shoot there. This poolside lounge in the landmark Roosevelt Hotel—birthplace of the Oscars—is a magnet for celebs. Aspiring models and actresses flock here hoping for face time with Gerard Butler and his ilk, but the good news is, most of them won't get it, providing an opening for us mere mortals.
Tip: It's open only to Roosevelt guests on Saturday nights. Other nights it's open to the public.

For more stargazing, stroll through the lobby toward the heavy bronze doors that seal off the exclusive watering hole Teddy's from the rest of the world. It's another haven for young A-listers and those who wish to join their ranks.
Tip: Count on occasional deejay Samantha Ronson drawing some bicurious Lindsay Lohan wannabes. After a few drinks, they won't hold your manhood against you—if you're lucky, they might hold it for you.

Drai's at the W Hotel Hollywood
DraisHollywood.com
6250 Hollywood Boulevard, Suite 1200; 323-962-1111
Perched atop the W Hotel at the legendary intersection of Hollywood and Vine, Drai's has a dance floor, a restaurant, and a pool. Randy Jackson, Ciara, Jennifer Lopez, Kelly Osbourne, and other celebs have helped put this hot spot on the map since its opening in March. Drai's owes at least some of its success to a VIP balcony that features an amazing view of the entire city.
Tip: The views *inside* this 1,000-person club, packed with some of L.A.'s most stunning women, are even more amazing.

BEST CLUBS AND BARS

Playhouse in Hollywood
PlayhouseHollywood.com
6506 Hollywood Boulevard; 323-656-4800
One of L.A.'s newest mega-clubs, the 13,000-square-foot Playhouse (above), occupies the historic Fox Theater. These days, instead of ogling Marilyn Monroe on the silver screen, you can try to sidle up to the likes of Rihanna, Katy Perry, or the Hilton sisters on the dance floor. Of course there's also plenty of no-name eye-candy writhing around. If that doesn't grab you, you can gawk in amazement at the trapeze artists overhead. State-of-the-art sound and lighting, comfy couches, and leather stools abound. Playhouse even has a sleek 24-hour eatery, Sweet Love Hangover.
Tip: The fried Twinkies taste a lot better than they sound.

The Edison in Downtown L.A.
EdisonDowntown.com
108 West Second Street, #101; 213-613-0000
The site of L.A.'s first private power plant still crackles with energy, albeit of a different kind. Today it's a chic nightspot, an absinthe-induced steampunk dream filled with burlesque dancers and silicone-inflated SoCal Barbie dolls out for an evening of elegant debauchery. Pricey liquor, but well worth it.
Tip: The Edison is strict about attire, so dress to impress.

BEST BEACHES

Venice Beach
The Governator got his start in America pumping iron at Venice's Gold's Gym. This iconic seaside community, though, is just as notable for all the hot female bods. You can do just about any outdoor activity, from surfing to skating to shooting hoops, or you can hook up for some indoor fun.
Tip: Parking is available at the end of Venice Boulevard, right on the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS PAGE) JEFF LEWIS/ICON SMI/CORBIS, (LEFT TO RIGHT) MARK SAVAGE/CORBIS, COURTESY OF PLAYHOUSE, PETER MARLOW/MAGNUM PHOTOS, CHRISTIAN PETERSEN/GETTY IMAGES, CORBIS RF/ALAMY

beach, for about $10 a day. Spots fill up quickly, so head out early.

Zuma Beach
Located on Malibu's Pacific Coast Highway, Zuma's majestic waves, pristine water, and clean sand make it one of L.A.'s most popular beaches. Plenty of bikini-clad co-eds from nearby colleges make it a prime piece of real estate. Charm a girl into watching the sunset over Zuma and she'll absolutely melt.
Tip: Look for free parking along the Pacific Coast Highway.

Hermosa Beach
Hermosa means "beautiful" in Spanish. The name says it all. This vibrant stretch of sand and surf, located on the southern end of Santa Monica Bay (about a ten-minute drive from LAX), is the very essence of the SoCal lifestyle. The outdoor bars throb with beachcombers day and night.
Tip: July features a number of high-profile volleyball tournaments, making it the perfect time to catch babes with just the right amount of bounce.

LESS CONVENTIONAL PICKUP SPOTS

The Tasting Kitchen
TheTastingKitchen.com
1633 Abbot Kinney Boulevard in Venice; 310-392-6644

Gjelina
Gjelina.com
1429 Abbot Kinney Boulevard in Venice; 310-450-1429
The communal dining experience has really caught on in Southern California. Imagine sitting down at a large table with an extended family of complete strangers, including cute girls with glowing tans fresh from the beach. Venice has these two restaurants on its ultrahip Abbot Kinney Boulevard (known to locals simply as "the Street") where you can experience the phenomenon.
Tip: The oysters at either aren't cheap, but they're awesome aphrodisiacs, so be sure to offer some to your comely dinner companions.

Open auditions
They're also known as cattle calls, so it figures they'd make great meat markets. Castings are a way of life in the movie capital. Craigslist and *Back Stage* are filled with audition ads for films, reality shows, commercials—even theme parks. People-watching/schmoozing near the staging areas is fine—aspiring starlets want to be noticed, after all.
Tip: A one-month subscription to BackStage.com starts at $12.95; that small investment will get you access to the more "legit" stuff.

Trader Joe's
TraderJoes.com
263 South La Brea Avenue; 323-965-1989
The La Brea branch of this national gourmet grocery chain, about a mile and a half from the Tar Pits, is a great place to bump shopping carts with local lovelies. With everything from gluten-free baby back ribs to baby artichokes to fresh sushi, TJ's appeals to a wide range of palates.
Tip: The neighborhood's brimming with colleges and acting schools, so be prepared to talk about class assignments and homework.

Los Angeles Convention Center
LACCLink.com
1201 South Figueroa Street
The center has two key events for single guys during All-Star Week. The first, Exxxotica Expo (July 9–11; ExxxoticaExpo.com), is a no-brainer. It's one of the adult industry's biggest gatherings, featuring fun-loving porn stars in thongs and lingerie mingling with fans. Treat these ladies right, and you might just end up partying with them after-hours.

On the other hand, Bride World Expo (July 10–11; BrideWorld.com) might seem like a weird choice, but think about it: loads of brides-to-be with even greater numbers of their hot single friends. It might just be the world's largest bachelorette party. Need we say more?
Tip: Having porn stars on the premises gives you the perfect excuse for steering the conversation with the bachelorettes toward sex.

THE VIPER'S LAST STRIKE

Nothing makes a hot car more valuable than exclusivity, and the Dodge Viper is about to go away forever. Maybe.

By Bill Heald

Where were you in '92? If you happened to be hanging around the Chrysler headquarters, you witnessed the release of one of the wildest, most potent, and most focused sports cars ever to emerge from the forges of Detroit. This unique beast had design roots deep in the hot-rod sports-car world, inspired more than anything else by the iconic Shelby Cobra (Carroll Shelby himself was involved with the Viper's creation). The Cobra's design philosophy was quite simple: Take a light roadster chassis and cram in the biggest, baddest engine you possibly can. Then slam the accelerator to the floor, rip the rear tires to pieces, and be happy. There was actually some very innovative engineering involved, and when the Cobra disappeared there really wasn't anything like it left on the road.

The Viper renewed this wonderful four-wheeled chaos. This predatory serpent in automotive form took the basic Cobra idea and ran with it, making it both viciously potent and deliciously crude. It was all in the quest for incredible performance, and naturally that centered on a monster engine. Since the design team apparently wasn't loony enough to steal a giant Rolls-Royce Merlin V-12 engine from a World War II fighter plane, they said, "Screw it, let's use a truck engine." Chrysler had an eight-liter V-10 that looked wicked enough, but as it was made out of cast iron, it weighed almost as much as a small car all by itself. They recast the huge mill in aluminum, and the 400-horsepower heart the Viper needed was ready. They built a light, advanced tube frame and raided the vast Dodge/Chrysler parts bins for the pieces required to make the car roadworthy. Of course, candy-ass amenities like air conditioning, a roof, side windows, and even outside door handles were missing from the Big Snake, and the side pipes got hot enough to roast a small chicken. But man, the thing could move and was nasty, perverse fun to flog mercilessly both on the street and (especially) the track.

That was nearly 20 years ago, and what appears to be the final Viper production run reveals a much faster, more powerful, and more dramatically refined fourth generation of the amazing machine. Available in both roadster and coupe variants, the six-speed manual is still the lone transmission, but the V-10 has grown to 8.4 liters and its horsepower is now up to 600. Unlike the hot, crude space it was before, the cockpit is a very comfortable place to do business, and the suspension and brakes are on par with the most exotic hardware you can find anywhere, from any country. The Viper's track-car personality is still present, but it's much more user-friendly and handles brilliantly, especially during extreme cornering, where the near 50/50 weight distribution (front and back wheels) and all that torque make control and raucous behavior close friends.

In addition to the basic Viper (as if it's not volatile enough), an ACR Package (which of course stands for American Club Racer) is available for the coupe. This adds a full-on racing suspension, reduced weight, improved aerodynamics, and competition tuning (yet the car is still street-legal). The ACR Hard Core package goes further by ditching the audio system, hood silencer pad, trunk carpet, and tire inflator to chop weight even more. Oh, and then there's the Viper Competition Coupe, which has a carbon-fiber Kevlar body, roll cage, six-point driver's harness, fire-suppression system, ducted brakes, window net, and differential cooler. It also comes with racing slicks, which are in fact *not* street-legal.

They're building only around 500 Vipers in this final year, and if you act fast you'll have more than 7,600 different appearance options among the 12 different exterior colors and all the various interior/exterior equipment packages. Is there any future for the Viper, in perhaps a different form? "There are no finalized plans for future Viper production; however, the program is still under review," says Chrysler's Dan Reid. We say get 'em while they're hot.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-door coupe or roadster
Engine	8.4-liter V-10
Power	600 horsepower
Torque	560 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual
Front tires	275/35 ZR18
Rear tires	345/30 ZR19
Curb weight	3,454 pounds (coupe); 3,441 pounds (roadster)
PERFORMANCE	
0–60	3.65 seconds
Top speed	202 mph
Fuel capacity	16 gallons
EPA mpg	13 city/ 22 highway
Base price	$91,185 (roadster); $91,935 (coupe)

The Viper is not just a true American performance super-car—it's a peerless presence on the street, incredibly potent at the track, and now, eminently collectible.

THE BEAUTY OF THE BULL

Harley is channeling its rebellious past to entice a new generation of riders.

By Bill Heald

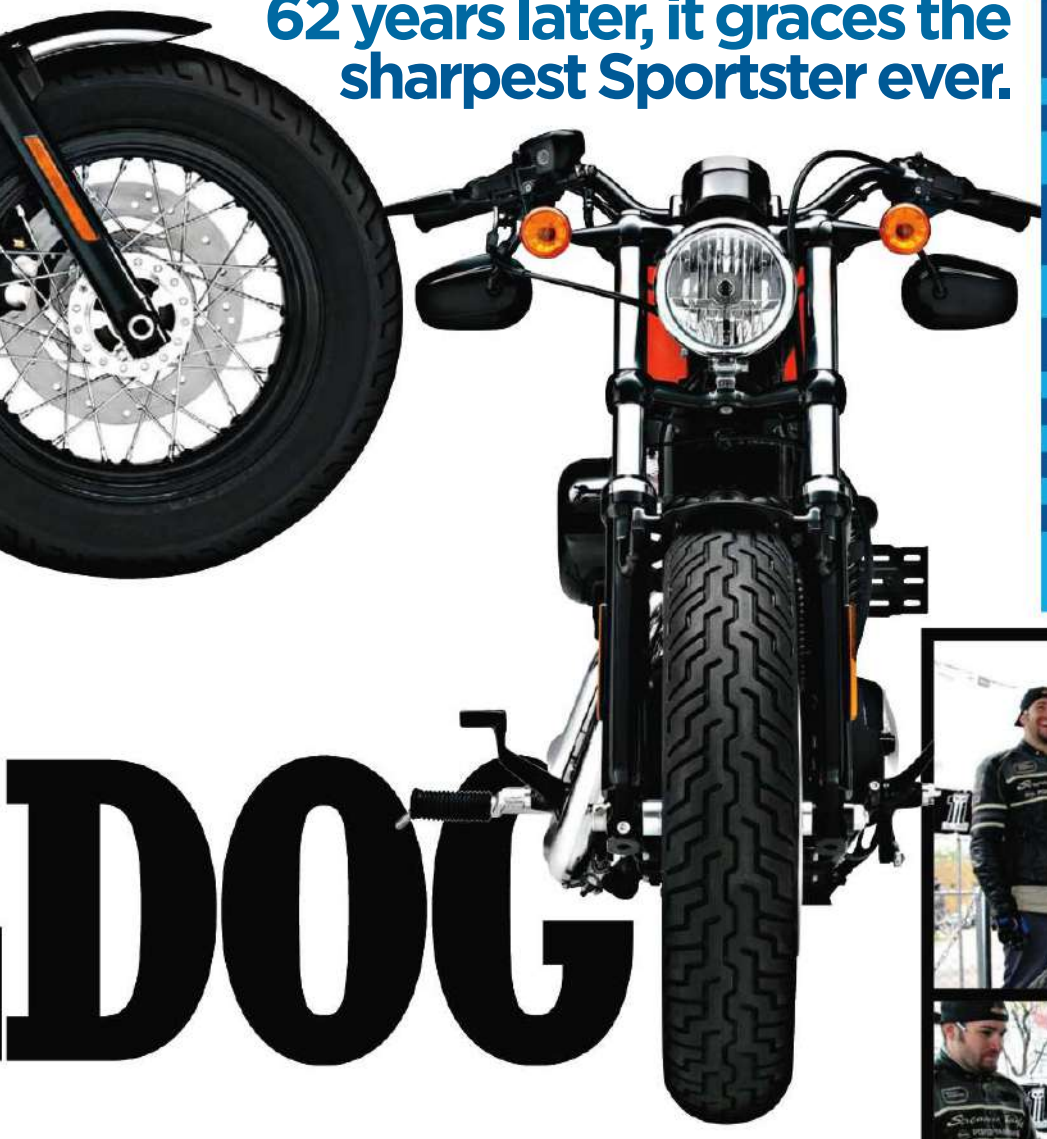
Times have been tough for most motorcycle manufacturers, and Harley-Davidson has been especially battered by economic woes. The problem is twofold: Most of these legendary motorcycles command a premium price, and the company's core customers are aging and have not been replaced quickly enough by younger riders.

But Harley has been knocked down (and nearly knocked out) before, and the company always gets back on its feet and comes out swinging. The brand-new Forty-Eight is a brilliant stylistic stroke that is loaded with classic Harley attitude and V-twin muscle, while being affordable and comfortable for a wide range of riders. "With its classic bulldog shoulder stance," explains Ray Drea, Harley-Davidson senior director of styling, "the Forty-Eight model has a collective past-life experience and broken-in look that is raw and authentic."

Raw. Authentic. I would also add "respectful." The bike is loaded with timeless, unique Sportster styling cues that have been executed with polish and meticulous attention to detail. But while this latest addition to the Dark Custom line has serious ties to the original 1957 Sportster, there's a whole lot of 2010 technology and refinement as well.

The sporty Forty-Eight's 1,200-cc Evolution engine is tuned for a broad spread of power, and is especially robust in the lower end of the rev range, which not only launches the light Hog out of corners with

Harley's iconic "peanut" gas tank debuted in 1948, and, 62 years later, it graces the sharpest Sportster ever.



DOG

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Air-cooled, Evolution V-twin
Bore x stroke	88.9 mm x 96.8 mm
Displacement	1,200 cc
Fuel system	Electronic Sequential Port Fuel Injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Five speed
Front suspension	39-mm telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Twin coil-over shocks, preload adjustable
Front brake	Single 292.1-mm disc
Rear brake	Single 292.1-mm disc
Front tire	MT90B-16
Rear tire	150/80B-16
Fuel tank	2.1-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	59.8 inches
Seat height	26.8 inches
Wet weight	567 pounds
Base price	$10,499 black; $10,789 solid colors

impressive brawn, but is also very user-friendly for less experienced riders. Also appealing for newbies is the five-speed transmission, which has a very light clutch effort, and a 26-inch seat height (courtesy of a slammed rear suspension) for easy mounting and straddling at stoplights. More experienced riders will appreciate the solid nature of the chassis and the responsive handling; that's the kind of thing that has made the 1,200-cc Sportster such a pleasure to hustle down a curvy mountain pass.

Many cool details define this bike, like retro, low-mounted mirrors; a fat front tire on a black steel-laced wheel with a chopped front fender; a side-mounted license plate; and a minimalist, 2.1-gallon classic "peanut" gas tank. The solo seat defines the bike's loner image, but a passenger pillion and backrest, plus a massive assortment of other great accessories, are but a trip to the dealer away.

The Forty-Eight's a true Harley in that it's a starting canvas for your own statements and attitudes, with a feel and sound only a ride from the Motor Company can deliver.

RECRUITING THE NEW FAITHFUL
The South by Southwest Music/Film/Technology Festival in Austin, Texas, is not usually considered a biker venue, but Harley-Davidson is now a regular participant and has developed a great way to give a touch of the road to prospective riders: the Thrill of the Throttle. A motorcycle (like the new Forty-Eight) is locked off in a stand that allows a neophyte to experience revving and shifting, and get a feel for what the ride is all about.

PHOTOGRAPHS (SIDEBAR) BY RAHAV SEGEV/PHOTOPASS.COM FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Sharp Objects

These delightfully modern and frequently dangerous gadgets bring new meaning to the term "cutting edge."

By Crispin Boyer

SL6 Rescue Tool

Tool Logic • $40

This lightweight, multifunction rescue knife might just save a life, and it has the added benefit of looking cool in the glove compartment. Its serrated folding blade curves into a hook that'll shred a seat belt, should you ever need to pull someone from flaming wreckage, and its opposite tip will smash auto glass, in the event that the flaming wreckage is your own car. A waterproof flashlight and whistle round out the emergency functionality. All it's missing is the Jaws of Life, but that's just as well. You shouldn't try to hog all the glory.

Big Bang Grenade Sword Cane

Empire Swords • $30

It's the ultimate conversation starter: a 34-inch walking cane that's topped by a defused military-surplus grenade. Concealed within the cane's shaft is the ultimate conversation ender: a stainless-steel sword that you unsheathe by unscrewing the grenade. What's truly useful is the compass that's revealed by pulling the pin. The cane's marketing copy matter-of-factly states that it can be used as a bludgeon without the sword drawn, which begs the question: Who would start trouble with someone carrying a grenade cane? Well, unless you're crazy enough to try carrying it onto an airplane.

Giant Knife

Wenger • $1,400

This two-pound, almost nine-inch-wide mother of all Swiss Army knives is the ultimate weapon of mass construction, with 87 tools capable of more than 140 functions. It's got screwdrivers, bike wrenches, golf gadgets, saws, bottle openers, pliers, wire strippers, knives, a laser pointer, nail clippers—everything you need to conquer a small country, assemble its IKEA furniture, and give every citizen a manicure. If you prefer a pocket knife that, you know, fits in your pocket, downsize to Victorinox's SwissChamp XAVT, a $435 alternative that's half the size but gets the job done.

Tactical Wallet

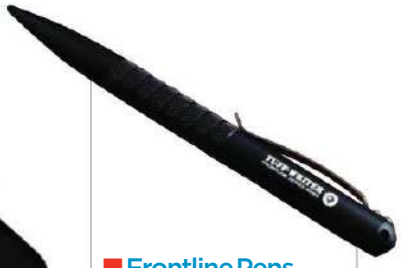
TMT Wallets • $125

Think of it as a Fort Knox for your back pocket. This wallet is milled in America from sturdy aluminum, and shielded from scanning devices that identity thieves wield to steal credit-card information. In addition to a built-in compass, ink pen, tweezers, toothpick, glass-breaking nub, self-defense striking edge, and cash and credit-card clips, the waterproof wallet contains two secret compartments for squirreling away personal items—which means you can whip it out without fear of your date seeing telltale condom rings.

Sundial Leather Belt

Obscure Belts • $125

This line of leather belts, crafted by a sculptor who sought inspiration from both the great outdoors and heavy machinery, offers the perfect merging of form and function. Each buckle has a special locking mechanism that cinches the belt tight without stretching it, as conventional belt pins do. The company promises that its patent-pending buckle helps leather last 50 percent longer than other belts. We can't vouch for that claim yet, but we do know that the Sundial (seen here in satin gunmetal) will look great while it holds up your pants.



Frontline Pens

Tuff-Writer • $80

Defend yourself in any hostile work environment with this series of ballpoint pens, which write right either in the boardroom or on the battlefield. The pressurized ink cartridges last three times longer than that of your average pen, and function in boiling, freezing, and high-altitude environments. But the true tough-guy charm lies in the no-slip grip and the sleek shell of aircraft aluminum, strong enough to defend your honor if deals get dirty. The necklace sheath (sold separately for $25) keeps the pen quick on the draw, but diminishes its badassitude.

PSE has used the stock of an assault rifle to create a "tactical assault crossbow" that's easy to shoot and incredibly accurate.

TAC 10i Crossbow

PSE • $1,600

It's like the chocolate-and-peanut-butter combo of badass military gear. Archery firm PSE has taken the stock of an assault rifle and merged it with a compound crossbow to create a "tactical assault crossbow" that's both easy to shoot and incredibly accurate. It takes less than 15 seconds to nock and cock an arrow. Once fired, arrows fly at 350 feet per second and can easily bull's-eye a target up to 50 yards away. And it's compact—just a foot across when cocked—making it easy to lug to the target range or store under your bed for home defense if you think guns are too girlie.

Boxee Box

D-Link • $200

High-definition TV "media extenders" that stream content from your home network, USB hard drives, and the internet are all the rage these days among media pirates and couch potatoes who've canceled their cable. This one sits at the top of the heap. It'll play any video format you can chuck at it, plus access a vast selection of online media and social-networking content. But the Boxee Box's most badass feature is its interface: a slick and user-friendly menu system that makes surfing your movie and music library a snap (download a demo for your PC or Mac at Boxee.tv). And while the half-melted industrial design might mess with your mind, its backside is all business and pitted with USB ports and every high-def video and audio input known to man.

Ultimate II Loudspeaker System

Magico • $394,000

"Subtle" seems like a silly word to describe a pair of eight-foot speakers that weigh 800 pounds each and cost more than most single-family homes, but this five-way system incorporates horns enclosed in slabs of harmonically neutral aircraft aluminum to re-create all the heavy-metal thunder and acoustic nuance of your music. In other words, the only way to hear a more true-to-life performance of "Stairway to Heaven" would be to lure Led Zeppelin out of retirement. If you lack a rock-star budget, Magico offers more affordable but still awesome-sounding all-aluminum setups, such as the new Q5. Cost: a mere $54,000.

LED C9000 HDTV

Samsung • $7,000

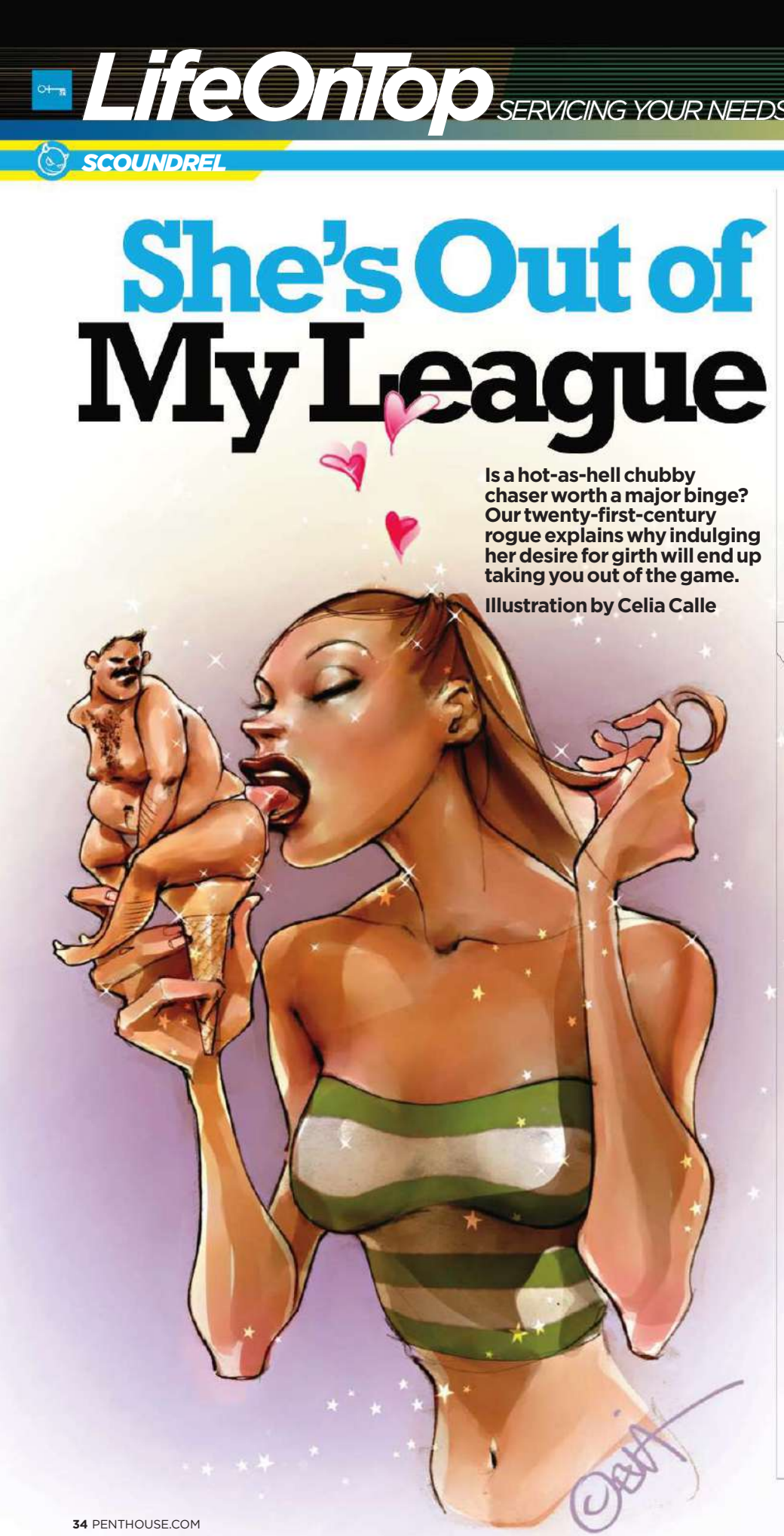
This new 55-inch HDTV delivers the perfect picture and state-of-the-art features you'd expect from a set that costs as much as a used car. Its blur-obliterating refresh rate is double that of last year's model, and Samsung's proprietary 3-D processor converts standard TV content into in-your-face 3-D (although you'll need the geeky glasses). But the anorexic profile is what will make you go "whoa"; it's a mere 0.3 inches thick—about as skinny as an iPhone. Even the remote is badass, with its three-inch touch screen that displays a live feed of the current channel—you can keep watching when nature calls.

ENERGIZE YOUR LIFESTYLE ™
PENTHOUSE Clear
energy drinks & shots
ENERGIZE YOUR LIFESTYLE
ENERGY DRINK
PENTHOUSE Clear
12oz (354mL)
lemon lime
ENERGIZE YOUR LI
ENERGY DRINK
PENTHOUSE Clear
12oz (354mL)
wild berry
ENERGY TO OWN THE DAY
MIXES WITH EVERYTHING TO OWN THE NIGHT !
See some of our drink mixes here: www.penthouseclear.com/mixers

She's Out of My League

Is a hot-as-hell chubby chaser worth a major binge? Our twenty-first-century rogue explains why indulging her desire for girth will end up taking you out of the game.

Illustration by Celia Calle



Dear Scoundrel,
My friend recently set me up with this chick who routinely dates guys who are beneath her, appearance-wise. For instance, she just broke up with a guy who looks like Mike Ditka, porn 'stache and all. On our second date (yes, things went well enough for one), we got to talking about types and she told me she likes "husky" guys—in fact, she said she hooks up only with dudes who are at least 40 pounds overweight. I have an extra 20 on me, but it was clear from the way she was talking that we wouldn't bone till I put on more meat. The weird thing is, I'm seriously considering it—if you could see this girl, you'd understand why. She really is that hot.

You might think she'll take your load after you carbo-load, or that you'll get to pound her after you become a 250-pounder. But I have two words for you, dude: Fat chance! Look, it might be tempting to "go Morrison" and break on through to the other side of 250—but remember, Jim Morrison was huge in the literal *and* figurative sense. He was the Lizard King. You, sir, are just some guy with a king-size Snickers bar in your hand. You'll be like Fat Albert, all "Hey, hey, *hey,* where did all my chances at pussy go?" Trust me, if you put all your bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches in one basket, the only time you'll get sucked is at the liposuction clinic.

Here's the better course of action: Cultivate an aura of burliness without actually puffing up. Grow a beard; unlike extra pounds, those come back off easily. Wear multiple layers. Eat bloating foods—in this case, there may just be a connection between chimichangas and cunnilingus. Chug club soda till you look like a bloated Santa Claus. And do something badass—ride a hog instead of eating like one. Chances are she likes burly dudes because they offer a sense of protection, so maybe carry a .44 instead of *being* a 44. Then you'll still be in the game as far as other women are concerned, and you can meet your next girl at the club instead of in line for a KFC Double Down.

MAKE CHICKS THINK YOU'RE BADASS

Convincing a woman that you're cool is not as simple as throwing out your pocket protector and throwing on a tattered leather jacket. Every man should adhere to these fundamental laws of badass behavior.

By Reverend Jen

You'll hear people say, "Women love bad boys," but this is simply not true. Bad boys steal, lie, cheat, smoke crack, fail to pay child support, and ask their girlfriends for bail money. No woman likes that unless she's a little crazy. What women really love is *badasses*—men who are cool, confident, and everything other men aspire to be. Men who are as calm yet intimidating as Steve McQueen in pretty much every movie he ever made. A badass would never ask his girlfriend to bail him out; he'd escape from prison—just like McQueen in *Papillon*.

Acquiring the essence of a true badass, especially if you're kind of uncool to begin with, takes work. But if you follow our Ten Commandments of Badassitude, there's a good chance you'll actually become a badass.

DON'T COMPLAIN

This is the cardinal rule. Even if you get your entire face tattooed, your scrotum pierced, and trade in your hybrid car for a chopper, the second you open your mouth to whine, any chick within earshot will know you're not a real badass.

BE LOW-MAINTENANCE

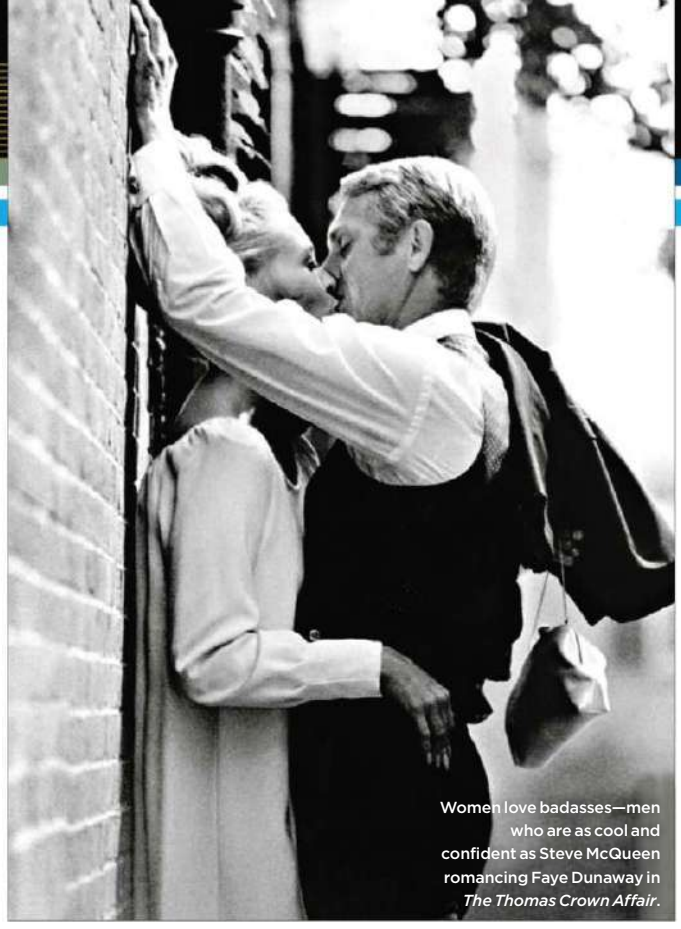
This goes hand in hand with "don't complain," and refers to your attitude, not your appearance. At restaurants, for instance, you should appear thrilled by any meal more fanciful than a can o' beans warmed over an open fire.

KNOW THE TERMINOLOGY

The word "girlfriend" should never be used. Try "old lady" instead. It is okay, however, to use the term "making love," as long as you adopt the attitude of Willie Dixon's "I Just Wanna Make Love to You." There is nothing more badass to a woman than the idea of you makin' love to her, especially when you don't expect her to be no slave, work all day, cook your bread, or make a bed.

NEVER THROW A MANTRUM

Tantrums are for toddlers, and even then they're hard to take. The only thing worse is a mantrum. Upset because you lost your car keys? Find them. Or, better yet, hot-wire your car. You should always carry a screwdriver, wire strippers, and gloves anyway.



Women love badasses—men who are as cool and confident as Steve McQueen romancing Faye Dunaway in *The Thomas Crown Affair*.

GO COMMANDO

For badasses, it's never a question of boxers or briefs. Just always be careful when you zip up.

NEVER DRINK THROUGH A STRAW, SPEAK LIKE A TEENAGE GIRL, OR COMMUNICATE VIA TEXT MESSAGE

These suggestions come from my badass friend Larry, who explains, "If this doesn't make sense, picture a man doing all these things. It will suddenly become clear." Badasses never say, "I'm, like, grabbing a beer with my BFF. You wanna come with?" Note: It's okay to drink through a straw if you have a ZZ Top–style mountain-man beard.

AVOID MOST GROOMING PRODUCTS

Women might love the smell of jasmine, but they don't want to smell it on a dude. Cologne or "man freshener" is acceptable if it's sold in a drugstore and comes with a matching deodorant.

DON'T THINK ABOUT YOUR HAIR

Avoid any hairstyle that involves actual styling. Your hair should require three things: shampoo, an occasional trip to the barber, and a comb, which should be used only once a day. Also, do not style your facial hair to be "ironic." Irony is not badass.

MANSCAPE MINIMALLY

Part of being a badass means connecting with your animal nature. Trimming wild overgrowth is fine (and usually appreciated by a woman giving a blowjob), but excessive hair removal suggests a preoccupation with *smoothness.* The only smoothness that should concern a badass is that of his malt liquor.

FIGHT ONLY WHEN NECESSARY

Again, think animal nature. Animals don't start fights because someone sat on their bar stool or spilled a drink on them. If you start a fight, there's a chance you might lose, and the only thing worse than losing a fight is losing a *stupid* fight. Save your punches for when it counts. Otherwise, you're just a bully. And no one likes a bully.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

THE POUR HOUSE

Chuck Miller

THRILL OF THE CHASE

Moonshine is an American tradition with Southern roots that modern-day distillers are hell-bent on cultivating. And why not? Every dog has its day, especially the white dog. By Liane Yvkoff

When you're hauling a trunkload of illegal hooch and find yourself approaching a roadblock guarded by D.C.'s finest bearing shotguns, you can either do a 180 and haul ass back the way you came, or you can duck behind the wheel and keep right on truckin'.

Chuck Miller's grandfather chose the latter when, in the 1940s, the police caught wind of one of the Maryland moonshiner's deliveries into D.C. and shut down the 14th Street Bridge into the city. Rather than turn back, Miller says his grandfather drove through the blockade while police shot out his back window.

"He went into Washington and made his delivery, then drove back to the farm," Miller recounts.

Running 'shine is a dying profession, with the infamous Marvin "Popcorn" Sutton the latest casualty of the law. In March 2009, he took his own life rather than do jail time for producing and selling untaxed spirits.

But thanks to a few legal distillers, moonshine is crawling out of the backwoods stills. Long gone are the days of formaldehyde-like alcohol. Today's batches are high-end products with a vast range of flavors. And while they won't make you go blind, they will fuck you up.

For the past 22 years, Miller has been legally producing and selling his 100-proof Virginia Lightning Whiskey, made from corn and using his grandfather's recipe and an old copper-pot still. Miller says, "You have to drink it careful 'cause it'll get you quick."

Which begs the question: If it's legal, is it still moonshine?

Technically, any nontaxed, distilled alcohol is moonshine. What was first brewed in 1614 on the banks of the James River by settlers using European technology was made with corn provided by Native Americans. That legacy may be why some diehards insist that only corn-based liquor can be moonshine. Necessity being the mother of hard alcohol, however, different regions used whatever grains were available to make the mash. But there's one firm belief among distillers: Moonshine, which had to be moved quickly to avoid detection by the law, must never touch wood, hence its clear color and nickname—white lightning.

NASCAR legend Junior Johnson cut his teeth racing cars by running his daddy's moonshine on the 421 Wilkesboro to Winston-Salem. When the feds finally caught him, it wasn't in a car—it was lighting the pot still.

More than 50 years later, Johnson's a partner in Piedmont Distillers, which produces authentic corn whiskey using family recipes that have been perfected with modern technology.

Catdaddy Carolina Moonshine and Midnight Moon are 80-proof, which translates to 40 percent alcohol and 60 percent triple-filtered water. Midnight Moon is a high-quality, triple-distilled spirit with a smooth taste and a finish more akin to vodka than its low-country, white-lightning namesake, while Catdaddy has a spicy and more syrupy flavor and finish.

"It was a trial-and-error thing," Johnson says of the process. "If you know how to make whiskey, you know how to make several whiskeys, like rye and apple brandy. Everybody was trying to beat out the other people making whiskey. That's how there came to be different kinds."

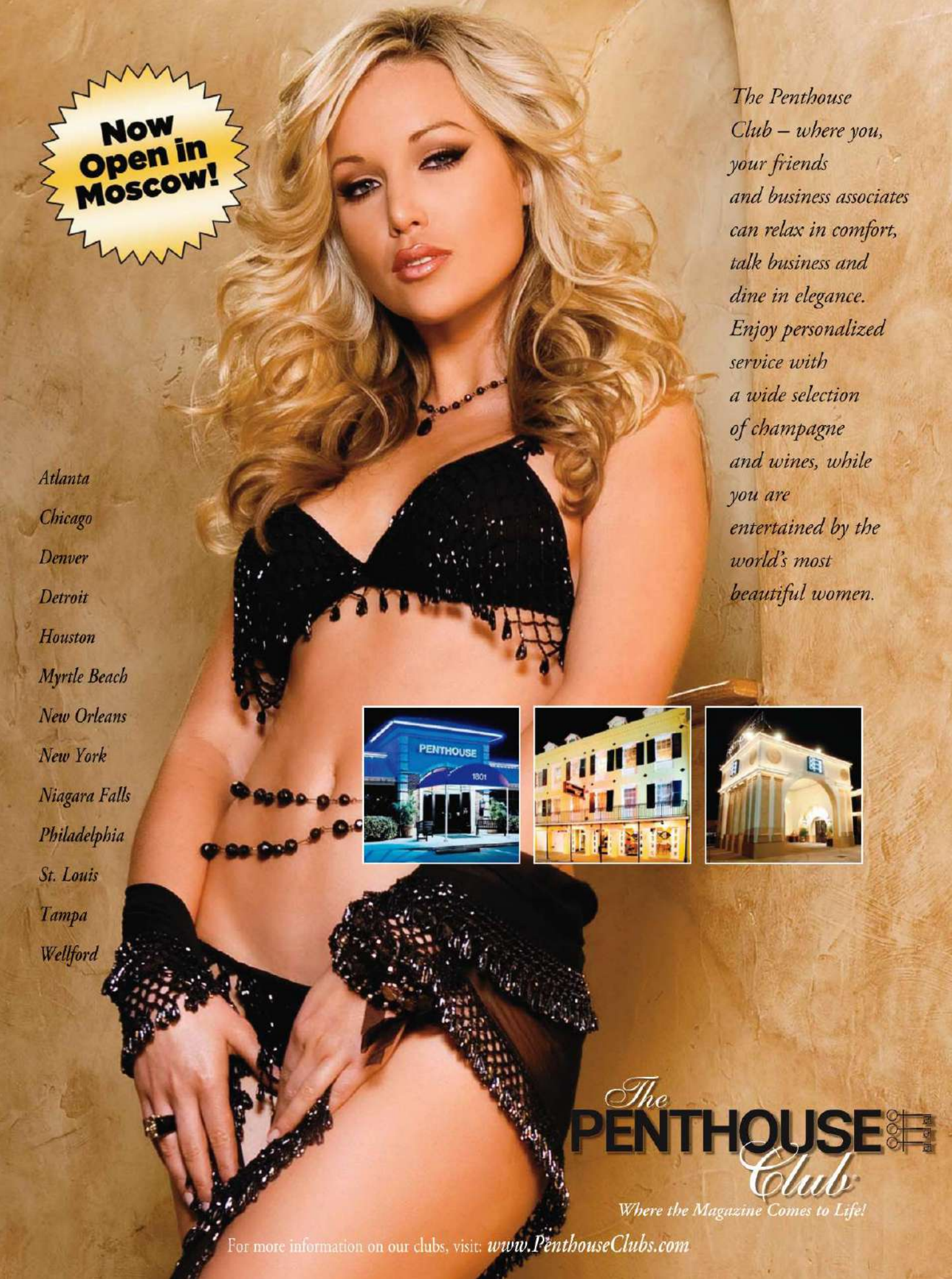
Although moonshining skipped a few generations in his family, Darek Bell experimented with recipes in his backyard shed. His great-grandfather ran moonshine and was involved in shady dealings throughout Tennessee and Kentucky. But it wasn't until Bell left the South for a job in New York City that he rekindled the family business and joined an underground community of urban moonshiners.

"The chance of getting caught was pretty low, but a federal offense is life-destroying," he says of his past hobby. "You can't rent a car; you can't get a job."

Today Bell turns out batches of unaged rye whiskey and pumpkin-spiced moonshine at Corsair Artisan Distillery in Bowling Green, Kentucky.

And as fate would have it, Sutton's legacy will continue in Tennessee, albeit legally. Bell found a pot still owned and signed by Sutton himself, and plans on using it to brew an authentic Tennessee 'shine. Why? Because it's not just about getting lit or making a buck. Drinking moonshine is a tribute to America's original mountaineers, and another way of sticking it to the Man.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) MIKE MORONES/*THE FREE LANCE-STAR*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au naturel

Montana's 18-year-old Bree Victoria has a captivating smile, a stunning 35C-24-35 figure, and an intriguingly wholesome look that belies her adventurous spirit. As she says, "I'm too wild at times, but I do a lot of daring things because I'm a thrill seeker."

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens

"I'm always up for something new, which may be why my favorite erotic fantasy is sex with a shemale."

"The biggest turn-on for me is being taken control of. And
shower sex is always exciting. I love crazy sex in the shower!"

"I'm a Scorpio, and I think my sign definitely suits me. Scorpios are sexually charged and very strong people."

"I don't like movie sex scenes, really. Movie sex is only hot if it's a porno."

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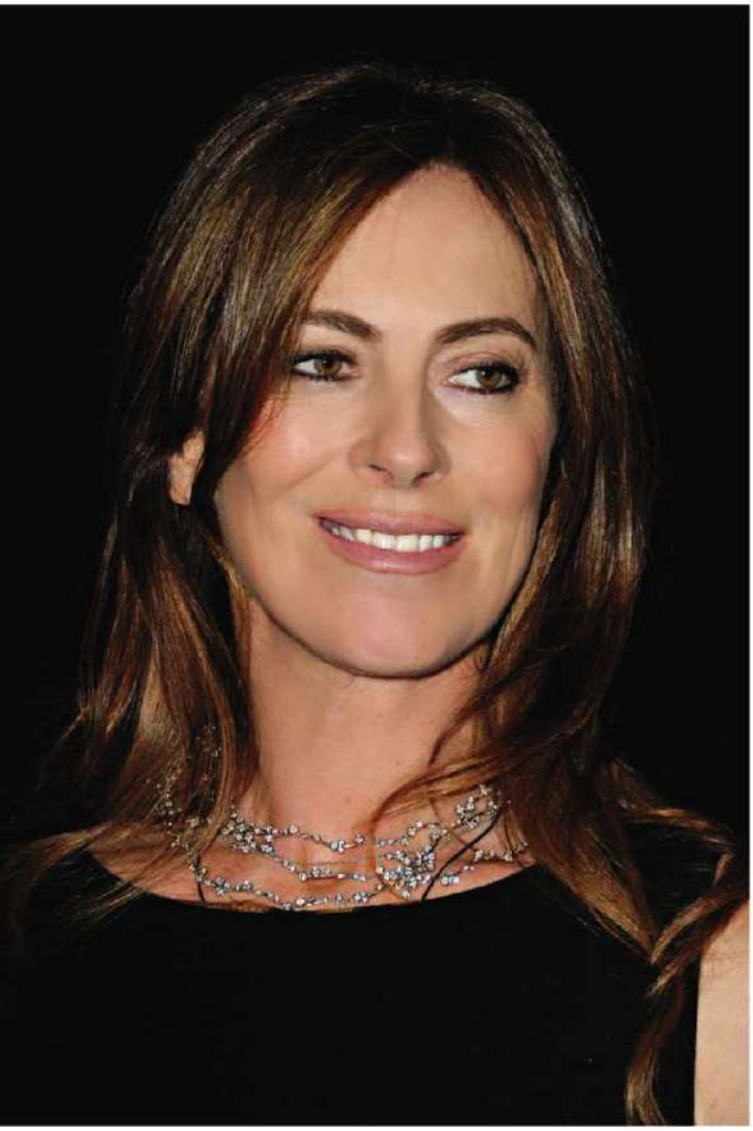
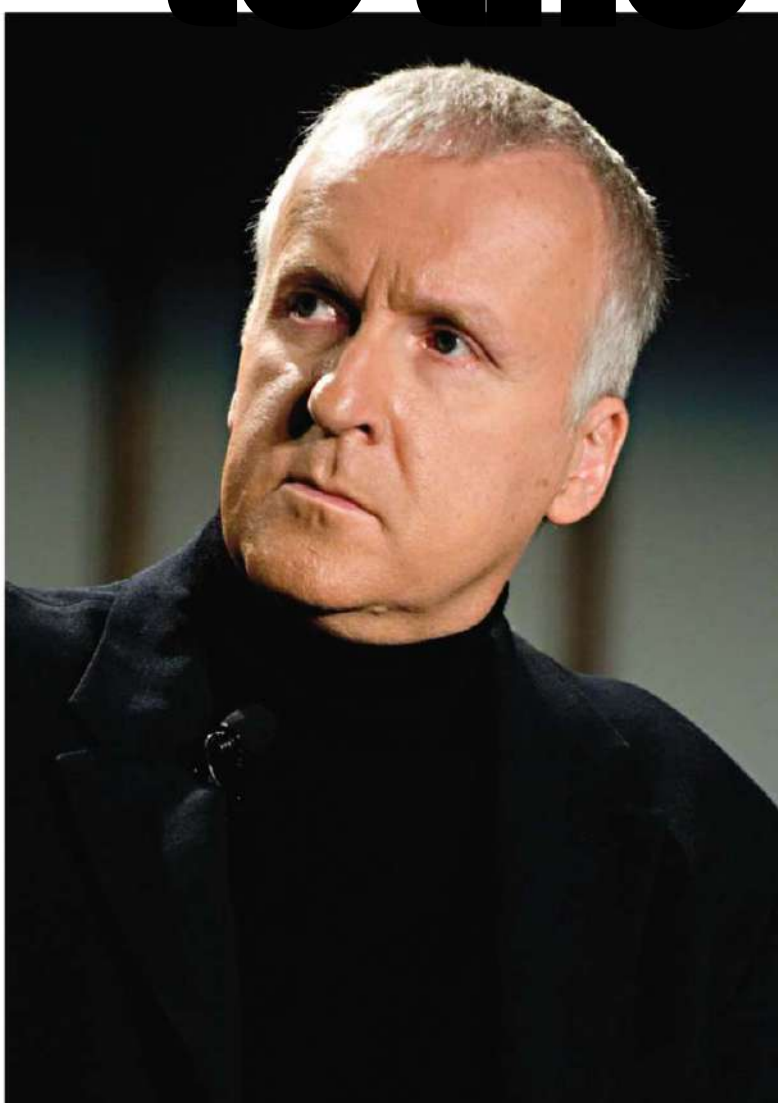
Bad to the

THE ENTERTAINERS



Kathryn Bigelow

Her movies are anything but chick flicks. Her first feature, *The Loveless,* starred Willem Dafoe and rocker Robert Gordon as badass greasers in a stylish meditation on 1950s motorcycle-gang violence, glossed to a black-leather sheen and set to a killer rockabilly soundtrack. She's responsible for one of the grittiest, most violent vampire movies ever made, *Near Dark;* one well-known scene has a blood-crazed, leather-pantsed Bill Paxton slitting a victim's throat with the spur on his boot, with the Cramps' "Fever" playing in the background. And there's always that timeless classic about skydiving/bank-robbing surfers, *Point Break*. Now she's the first woman to win an Academy Award for Best Director, with *The Hurt Locker,* an intense war movie—another genre not often associated with female filmmakers. Still, we wouldn't be surprised if the best thing about this for her is that she beat out her ex-husband, James Cameron, whose nominated film was a fanciful cartoon about love in a pretty forest. They say living well is the best revenge.—*Christine Colby*



ass Bone

It's time for our annual celebration of the rogues, rakes, and rebels who make us proud to be Americans. And with two wars raging on, we had no trouble finding military heroes to honor. Plus, we've got another year's worth of some of the most extraordinary average-Joe heroes we've ever seen.

James Cameron

Yes, his ex-wife's film took the Academy Awards for Best Director and Best Picture. But Cameron's 3-D extravaganza *Avatar* isn't a movie—it's a revolution that has changed the world as we know it. He transformed a moribund, justifiably ridiculed technology from the fifties into a twenty-first-century cinema necessity. *Avatar* also just happens to have made more money than any movie in history—including all those that did win Oscars. Then it complemented its box-office success by selling more Blu-ray discs than any other film, doubling the previous first-day record, *The Dark Knight*'s 600,000, and topping *TDK*'s 18-month total in three days—and that's the bare-bones 2-D version. Cameron even had the clout to insist that the studio release it without ads for other films, saying, "I have a deal with Fox that any time my movies make over a billion dollars I can leave the crap trailers off the DVD." Now he's offered his 3-D expertise to NASA; the "coinvestigator" is helping develop a high-resolution 3-D camera for the next Mars mission. King of the World, indeed.—*Peter Bloch*

Timothy Olyphant

The 41-year-old Hawaiian-born actor plays Raylan Givens—the badass, quick-draw U.S. marshal in FX's modern-day western *Justified*—as comfortably as he sports the lawman's trademark Stetson. Givens is a cowboy, but with Olyphant holding the reins he's a laid-back, easygoing Clint Eastwood for the twenty-first century. Olyphant also played a sheriff on HBO's period western *Deadwood,* did a stint on FX's legal drama *Damages,* and had entertaining big-screen roles in *Hitman, Live Free or Die Hard,* and *The Crazies*. But in this series, based on Elmore Leonard's novella *Fire in the Hole,* Olyphant is truly the shit—and the opening theme/collision of hip-hop/bluegrass (see Rench's album *Gangsta-grass*) ain't too shabby.—*Deirdre Goldbeck*

Danny Trejo

Chances are you've seen this 66-year-old character actor in several of the 180-plus movies he's appeared in since 1985. He'll finally take the lead as an action star in Robert Rodriguez's *Machete,* based on the *Grindhouse* trailer of the same name and costarring Robert De Niro, Jessica Alba, Cheech Marin, and Michelle Rodriguez. He summed up why we can't wait to see it in a recent interview in *A.V. Club:* "It's an action-packed movie from start to finish.... If you're looking for literary value, don't go." Trejo, a one-time drug addict/bank robber who spent the better part of the 1960s in prison, was visiting a struggling-to-stay-clean crew member when he got his first film gig, and he hasn't stopped acting since—thankfully. He even still works as a drug counselor. You've got to love that.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BIGELOW) JORDAN STRAUSS/WIREIMAGE, (CAMERON) ANDREW MARKS/RETNA LTD., (OLYPHANT) NICOLAS GUERIN/CORBIS, (TREJO) FILMSTILLS.NET/RETNA LTD.

THE RENEGADES

Kid Rock and his American Badass Lager
Banking on the notion that his fans enjoy beer (you think?), Kid Rock now has his own. It's sold by the Michigan Brewing Company, which has been running on biodiesel since 2007 and donates its waste mash to local hog farmers—totally badass. The lager is available at the Detroit brewery in pint glasses and growlers, but the company plans to bottle it soon. As we were told, they're just "waiting for the okay from the Kid himself."—*C.C.*

Rupert Murdoch
The 79-year-old once-Australian press lord has gone back to his roots and kicked off an old-fashioned newspaper war: His *Wall Street Journal* is aiming to knock the all-powerful *New York Times* off its pedestal. The winners will be anyone who cares about good journalism.—*P.B.*

Barack Obama
The Republicans wanted to rip his throat out. The mainstream media, the pundits, and the chattering classes all knew he was doing everything wrong. But he achieved health-care reform—something presidents since Teddy Roosevelt failed to do. Next up: Wall Street and the Middle East!—*P.B.*

Chaz Bono
How does a young woman rebel when her parents are Sonny Bono and Cher? Chastity had to do something that makes getting a tattoo seem tame, like, say, *changing into a man.* And if you're going to let doctors turn you into a dude, why not choose a badass one-syllable name? No doubt this strapping Chaz is the kind of guy who'd have your back in a fight.—*Reverend Jen*

Stephen Colbert
There aren't many people who strike fear into the heart of the leader of the free world, but Colbert seems to be one of them. When asked if President Obama wanted to go on Jon Stewart's *The Daily Show,* Press Secretary Robert Gibbs told Michael Scherer he'd "love to, just maybe not Colbert. I have yet to see a politician best Stephen Colbert in an interview on his show. I mean, he's really, really good."—*P.B.*

JOE BIDEN MADE FRONT-PAGE NEWS WHEN HE DROPPED THE F-BOMB ON-AIR. YES, MR. VICE PRESIDENT, THE HEALTH-CARE ACT IS A BIG FUCKING DEAL . . . AND YOU'VE ACTUALLY MADE US LIKE YOU MORE.—*B.R.T.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ROCK) CLAY ENOS/RETNA LTD., (BIDEN, OBAMA) WIN MCNAMEE/GETTY IMAGES

HEAVY MEDAL

By Ben Thompson

Michael Norton

In August 2009, Sergeant Norton led his 75th Army Ranger team on a raid into an Afghan enemy camp. When two soldiers were knocked unconscious, he revived them while using his own body to shield them from enemy machine guns less than 50 yards away. Once the wounded men were safe, Norton continued to lead the offensive, crushing the insurgents in a two-day battle that resulted in the destruction of two antiaircraft positions and several hundred pounds of explosives and munitions. In December he was awarded the Silver Star.

Abram A. Heller

This Coast Guard rescue swimmer received the 2009 International Bravery at Sea award for a 2008 rescue mission off the coast of Alaska. After leaping from a helicopter, Petty Officer Heller swam through heavy winds, high seas, debris, and thick snow flurries to find and disentangle five half-dead men from the wreckage of their vessel. Heller then stayed behind while the chopper brought the hypothermic men to safety. When the helicopter returned to the sunken ship, Heller was in an inflatable raft with three more survivors.

John S. Mosser

While hunting down a high-profile insurgent leader in June 2008, Marine Corps Gunnery Sergeant Mosser's Special Operations squad was suddenly ambushed by machine-gun fire and snipers. Despite being pinned down between a sheer cliff face and a 50-foot drop, Mosser showed complete disregard for his own safety, dragging two wounded men 35 feet to safety. Then, repeatedly exposing himself to fire, Mosser led his 22-man team to a safe zone where they could be extracted by helicopter. He was awarded the Navy Cross in December 2009.

Erik N. Swanson

Marine Corps Gunnery Sergeant Swanson received the Bronze Star in February for his service in Iraq as an explosive ordnance demolition team leader. Swanson went on more than 100 missions, disabling more than 85 improvised explosive devices and disarming nearly 1,000 pounds of ordnance, undoubtedly saving many lives. He routinely dismantled IEDs that were designed to kill the people attempting to disarm them. He was described by his superiors as "the busiest EOD tech in the country" during his deployment.

Candice Sperry

The first woman to receive the Robbie Risner Award, the Air Force's annual designation of its top weapons officer, Captain Sperry was singled out for her efforts in developing and utilizing electronic warfare against insurgent troops in Iraq and Afghanistan. Her squadron provided critical mission support during two deployments to the sandbox, coordinating high-tech electronic-warfare aircraft as they jammed enemy communications; suppressed Taliban radar, countermeasures, and air-defense systems; and fed misinformation to the enemy.

Philip Ryan III

This U.S. Navy SEAL tracked down a group of insurgent fighters, ambushed them, and stopped a still-classified terrorist plot. During the intense firefight, Senior Chief Petty Officer Ryan left cover under heavy fire, pulling a twice-wounded man to safety, while still coordinating his squad and directing assaults on enemy positions. Despite being outnumbered and providing first aid for three wounded SEALs, Ryan pushed the attack until all the defenders were overwhelmed. In October 2009 he was awarded the Silver Star With Valor.

Command Sergeant Major Teresa L. King

Command Sergeant Major Teresa L. King

She's the first woman in the Army's 235-year history to be in charge of basic training for enlisted soldiers—*all* enlisted soldiers. She got a perfect score on her semiannual physical-training test—that's 34 push-ups and 66 sit-ups in less than two minutes each—so it's no surprise that the plates on her black Corvette read NOSLACK.—*D.G.*

Sergeant Kimberly Munley and Senior Sergeant Mark Todd

These two civilian police officers ended Major Nidal Hasan's shooting rampage at Fort Hood last November, when the psychiatrist killed 13 unarmed soldiers and wounded 32. Munley was the first to exchange gunfire with Hasan, and Todd wounded the gunman when he stopped to reload.—*D.G.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (KING) AP PHOTO/COURTESY OF FORT JACKSON, (RHYNER) AP PHOTO/AIR FORCE SPECIAL OPERATIONS COMMAND

Sergeant Zachary Rhyner

Zachary Rhyner

The first combat controller to earn the Air Force Cross for valor in combat, Sergeant Rhyner received his medal last year for an action in 2008, when he shook off a bullet in the leg and coordinated more than 50 airstrikes against insurgent positions during a grueling six-and-a-half-hour battle deep in an enemy-controlled region of Afghanistan. Ambushed in the Shok Valley, with a gunshot in the thigh and more than half of his 40-man assault team wounded, Rhyner called in airstrikes on Taliban positions, sometimes bringing the bombs down on enemy teams less than 100 yards from his position. Meanwhile, he poured fire on the enemy with his M4 assault rifle. When the smoke cleared, more than 150 Taliban soldiers had been killed. All the Americans survived.

THE ATHLETES

Kevin Laue
If you haven't heard of him, check out the 20-year-old basketball phenomenon on YouTube. He's the six-foot-ten, 200-pound center at Manhattan College in New York. Why the fuss? Despite being born with his left arm missing below the elbow, he's nothing short of amazing. After exhibiting an early interest in sports, basketball turned out to be his game; his persistence and promise got him an athletic scholarship to the Division I college. What's next? According to IMBD, a documentary on his story is in production. As for Laue, he seems to take his own advice: "Don't give up—do what you want to do."—*D.G.*

Jimmie Johnson
Even in NASCAR, a sport with outlaw, bootleggin' roots that is conducted at life-and-limb-risking speed, only one man has won four consecutive championships. It ain't Richard Petty, Dale Earnhardt, or Jeff Gordon. It's Jimmie Johnson: Badass.—*J.B.*

Drew Brees and the New Orleans Saints
The Katrina-battered city of Naw'lins received an absinthe-strength spiritual boost from its quarterback and once-lowly NFL franchise, who marched over the favored Indianapolis Colts to win Super Bowl XLIV 31–17.—*J.B.*

EVERYDAY PEOPLE

AN ALGEBRA-TEACHING MOTHERFUCKING BADASS? HELLS YEAH. IN FEBRUARY, SIX-FOOT-FIVE-INCH DAVID BENKE TACKLED AND DISARMED A NUTJOB WHO HAD OPENED FIRE AT DEER CREEK MIDDLE SCHOOL IN JEFFERSON COUNTY, COLORADO. THE GUNMAN WOUNDED ONLY TWO STUDENTS.—*JOHN BOLSTER*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LAUE) AP PHOTO/STEPHEN CHERNIN, (DINOME) VIOREL FLORESCU/*NY DAILY NEWS* ARCHIVE, (JACKSON) AP PHOTO/SETH WENIG

Rohan Britton
When 20-year-old Stephanie Cacho swerved to avoid hitting a cyclist, her SUV went off the road, through a fence, and down a 30-foot slope onto train tracks in Mount Vernon, New York. She barely missed hitting the third rail, and was pulled from her badly damaged car through the sunroof by Britton, a passerby, who reported seeing "a lot of blood."—*B.R.T.*

"Robert," from the *Dr. Oz* show
Remember when we thought the people eating cow hearts on *Fear Factor* were badass? This guy puts them to shame. He allowed a male doctor to shove a lubed finger up his ass on national television to demonstrate how quick and relatively painless a prostate exam is. Robert, you're a selfless soul.—*R.J.*

Duane Jackson

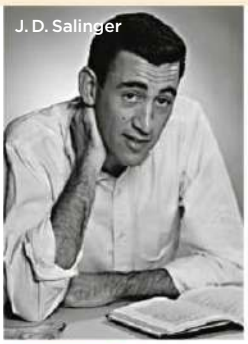
IN MEMORIAM

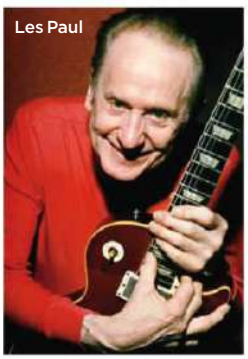
PHOTOGRAPHS BY (SALINGER) ANTONY DI GESU/SAN DIEGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY/FPG/ARCHIVE COLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES; (PAUL) ROBERT MATHEU/REX USA LTD.; (ALBANO) B BENNETT/GETTY IMAGES

Peter Dinome
After witnessing a horrific hit-and-run incident in the Bronx where the pedestrian was thrown nearly 12 feet, Dinome pursued the suspect, Michael Fennell, for eight miles. The chase ended when Dinome cut Fennell off, took his keys, and held him until police arrived.—*D.G.*

Robin Dehaven
Back in February, Joseph Andrew Stack flew a small plane into the Austin, Texas, building where the IRS has its offices. This glazier and Army vet pulled over to the building, grabbed a ladder off his truck, and climbed up to rescue five people from the second floor, where the rooms had filled with smoke.—*B.R.T.*

- Porn pioneer Joseph W. Sarno
- Actor David Carradine
- Actor Karl Malden
- Actor Patrick Swayze
- *Deadliest Catch* Captain Phil Harris
- *Catcher in the Rye* author J. D. Salinger
- *Basketball Diaries* author Jim Carroll
- Journalist Dominick Dunne
- Mystery writer Robert B. Parker
- *Alien* screenwriter Dan O'Bannon
- Guitar legend Les Paul
- Heavy-metal vocalist Ronnie James Dio
- Indie musician Alex Chilton
- Singer/songwriter Vic Chesnutt
- R&B singer Teddy Pendergrass
- Type O Negative frontman Peter Steele
- Album cover designer Tom Wilkes
- *Stand and Deliver* subject Jaime Escalante
- *Norma Rae* inspiration Crystal Lee Sutton
- Senator Ted Kennedy
- Congressman Jack Kemp
- *60 Minutes* creator Don Hewitt
- TV news legend Walter Cronkite
- Journalist William Safire
- Ku Klux Klan–fighting newspaper publisher W. Horace Carter
- Former NAACP leader Benjamin Hooks
- General Alexander Haig
- Filthy Thirteen soldier Jack Agnew
- Marine/munitions analyst/BDSM advocate Jack McGeorge
- Test pilots Fred Ascani and Robert M. White
- Pro wrestler Lou Albano
- Boxer Francisco Rodriguez
- Motocross racer Danny Chandler
- Rock climber John Bachar
- Skateboarder Andy Kessler
- Freestyle skier C. R. Johnson


J. D. Salinger


Les Paul

Lou Albano

Duane Jackson and Lance Orton
These street vendors/disabled Vietnam veterans noticed an SUV that looked suspicious in the middle of a crowded Times Square. After alerting police, who found the vehicle to be loaded with explosives, the two were hailed as heroes. Jackson told *The New York Times,* "There are a bunch of us disabled vets selling here, and we're used to being vigilant because we all know that freedom isn't free."—*P.B.*

CHARITABLE CHAMPS

Each year we celebrate the most badass citizens who made news in the previous 12 months, but the economic crisis that may or may not be ending inspired us to shine a light on these unsung heroes of the aught decade.

Dr. Dan and Suzie Bell
While the country waits for Obamacare to take effect, the health-care crisis continues. That means people like Dr. Dan and Suzie Bell will continue to be badass. In 2005, the couple from Eureka Springs, Arkansas, opened a free clinic in a church basement to treat the 25 to 30 percent of the local population without medical coverage. The program currently includes some 200 local volunteers and treats hundreds of patients each year.—*J.B.*

Tim and Nancy Nicolai
It started on an icy winter day in 2004, when a homeless woman and her daughter turned up at the Arena Motel in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The inn's new owners took them in. "I had empty rooms," Tim Nicolai told *People* magazine. After outfitting four of the motel's 26 units with cribs and hot plates, the Nicolais began taking in others in need; to date they've sheltered more than 100 people, helping many of them get back on their feet and find jobs.—*J.B.*

muscle man

After surviving a health scare that could have forced him into retirement, UFC champ Brock Lesnar is back—and more than ready to inflict pain on his opponents.

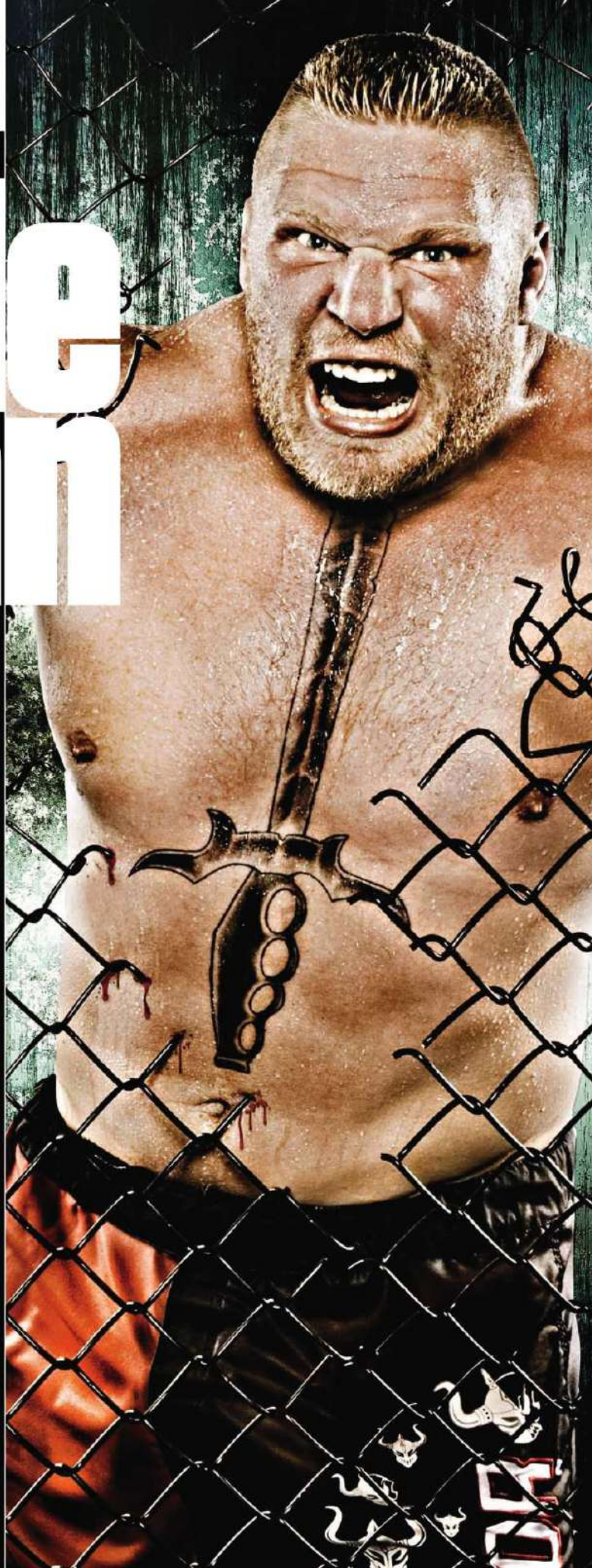
By Mike Chiappetta

After 11 days in a Bismarck, North Dakota, hospital room, Brock Lesnar's powerful body began to show the first signs of weakness. Lesnar—a country-tough farm boy and UFC champion who, for as long as most folks can remember, was always the biggest, strongest guy in the room—was completely and utterly powerless. UFC President Dana White had watched Lesnar run roughshod through the organization's heavyweight division, and he was shaken to hear the nervousness in Lesnar's voice. "He was panicking and freaking out, ripping heads off, mine included," White says.

Lesnar's thickly muscled, 290-pound frame housed a ruptured diverticulum and an abscess so large that his body was shutting down, unable to absorb the nutrients required to maintain itself. Doctors wanted to perform surgery to remove a damaged section of Lesnar's colon, something that the fighter later admitted could have caused him to retire. Lesnar lost 40 pounds, was forced to withdraw from two scheduled bouts, and at times feared for his life. But in an ending worthy of a man who seems like a comic-book hero, Lesnar essentially healed himself. After the internationally renowned Mayo Clinic confirmed the diagnosis that would require surgery, doctors waited to see how Lesnar's body would respond to a fiber-rich diet and medication to treat the inflammation.

Weeks later, Lesnar returned to the hospital for a colonoscopy. He was completely healthy. Lesnar recalls, "The whole panel of doctors at the Mayo Clinic said, 'You just got a winning lottery ticket.' "

Now the 32-year-old is returning to what he does best: fighting. The health scare was far from an individual one, as Lesnar is arguably the UFC's—and, by extension, MMA's—most



"He seems to embody the mainstream tension of the UFC. Is it legitimate sport? Hell, Lesnar won an NCAA wrestling title and nearly made the Vikings. **Or is it lowest-common-denominator junk food?** He came from WWE."

bankable star. His last fight, headlining UFC 100 in July 2009, drew an estimated 1.6 million Pay-Per-View buys, making it the top-selling fight in MMA history. His UFC 91 matchup against Randy Couture also topped one million buys, making Lesnar the only mixed martial artist to pass that impressive milestone twice.

Lesnar's value comes from a magnetic presence; he's one of the sport's few stars who has invaded the mainstream sports conversation. He's been profiled in *Sports Illustrated,* made the cover of *Muscle & Fitness,* and—perhaps most telling—ESPN carried his comeback announcement live. He's one of only two MMA fighters to make *BusinessWeek*'s 2010 Power 100 ranking of the most influential athletes. (The other is Russian heavyweight Fedor Emelianenko, arguably the greatest MMA fighter of all time.)

"Lesnar has been responsible for some of the most trafficked days in Yahoo! Sports history," says Dave Doyle, MMA/boxing editor of Yahoo! Sports, the most visited sports site in the U.S., ahead of even ESPN.com. "He is in the A-list of sports personalities who routinely make the Yahoo! home page. If Brock makes news, people want to know."

It's always been that way for Lesnar, who grew up on a working dairy farm in Webster, South Dakota, a small town whose identity is so firmly steeped in agriculture that its longtime newspaper is called *Reporter & Farmer.* Lesnar demonstrated a strong work ethic at an early age, often supplementing his chores on his family's farm by helping others around the community.

"If you had a heavy job and a lot of work to be done, you would hire Brock," says John Schiley, a Webster resident who coached Lesnar in wrestling in elementary school, and is a trusted confidant to this day. "Milk the cows, move the bales, or help with the cattle—he was our neighborhood hard worker." Schiley jokes that Lesnar always seemed to stop by his house around mealtime, and never missed the chance to eat. Rather than the hulking mass of muscle we see today, Schiley can recall Lesnar wrestling at 103 pounds. But he grew quickly; by the time he was a senior in high school, he weighed 210.

Lesnar's final year in high school provided one of the defining experiences of his life: his loss at the state championship. He finished in third place, after dropping his first match of the year in the semifinals (including the championship, he finished the year 33-1). Lesnar was already obsessed with lifting weights and getting stronger, and the loss only made him more determined to become a champion. During his time at Bismarck State College, he so regularly beat big-time, Division I wrestlers that the University of Minnesota offered him a scholarship.

His arrival there was memorable. Brandon Eggum, a former UM teammate of Lesnar's who's now an assistant coach at the school, says, "It was like, 'Holy Cow!' One look at him and it was obvious he was a beast. He was a pretty impressive-looking guy."

Lesnar impressed others around campus in the same way, and Minnesota wrestling matches suddenly became must-see events, with newspaper photographers focusing on the action. The buzz swelled. "People would show up just to see this guy," Eggum says. "The huge majority of new fans were there for one reason: to watch Brock."

His campus profile was growing off the mats as well. Eggum remembers one time when he, Lesnar, and a couple of friends were going to watch a soccer game. When Eggum was about to pull into a parking spot, he realized there might not be enough space. Lesnar got out and—to everyone's astonishment—picked up the back end of the car in the next spot and moved it over a few feet, giving Eggum room to park. "I remember watching as he was about to do it and thinking, 'No way!' " Eggum says. "He just had this freak-of-nature strength."

After fulfilling his long-stated goal of capturing an NCAA national championship in 2000, Lesnar signed with World Wrestling Entertainment, lured by a big-money deal straight out of college. But a few years into a lucrative contract (some reports pegged it as a seven-year, $45 million deal), after becoming WWE champ three times, Lesnar walked away.

"I was around when he was making millions and millions of dollars, and he was the most miserable person I've ever seen," says Schiley. "They worked him seven days a week. Money and fame didn't buy him what he was looking for."

After a brief run at a pro football career, Lesnar decided to try a sport he'd been interested in for a while: MMA. He hired coaches to train him, and threw himself into preparation. Though most fighters take years to make it to the UFC, Lesnar approached the company soon after winning his fighting debut against Min-Soo Kim. Lesnar, according to White, felt that whether he could or couldn't fight, he wanted to find out among the best. And given his fame, athletic background, and story, White couldn't resist the potential of a Lesnar promotion. Neither could the fans. Lesnar's first fight, against Frank Mir, drew a buy rate of 600,000—the fifth-largest PPV buy rate of 2008.

What was the draw? "I think it's a variety of factors, not least his status as heavyweight champ, the Zeus figure of any combat sport," says *Sports Illustrated* writer L. Jon Wertheim, who in 2009 wrote a book examining MMA, *Blood in the Cage.* "But beyond that, he seems to embody the mainstream tension of the UFC. Is it legitimate sport? Hell, Lesnar won an NCAA wrestling title and nearly made the Vikings. Or is it lowest-common-denominator junk food? He came from WWE."

Two fights later Lesnar was the champ, after beating down the legendary Randy Couture, and he only added to his own lore by dominating Mir in their UFC 100 rematch. While Lesnar says his health scare gave him a new perspective on life and family, he also says it's not going to stop him from looking ahead with a new intensity. He says the experience will only fuel his competitive fire when he's standing across from an opponent in the cage. "I know one thing," Lesnar says. "All those guys are shitting their pants right now."

Lesnar will return to the ring after a year to fight undefeated No. 1 contender Shane Carwin on July 3 in Las Vegas.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBB LONG/RETOUCHER DANIEL KOPTON (RIGHT) BY APPHOTO/JIM MONE

TRIPLE SHOT of RED BULL

We embedded our reporter with the Red Bull Racing Team for a weekend of skydiving, helicopter riding, and NASCAR racing. His senses are still jolted.

By Drew Magary

The male species is neatly divided into badasses and pussies, and I fit squarely into the latter category. I am a *huge* pussy. I'm the type to ask my wife to return something to the store for me because I find the process too confrontational. Oh, I would love to do badass things, like kill Nazis and bang five-star hookers while hanging from a ceiling fan. But I lack the skill, ability, resources, and looks to do so. Mostly though, I'm just lazy. It's easier to stay home and forget life as I'm living it, rather than go out there and, you know, do cool shit.

This is foolish, for the only real wealth any man has is accumulated in moments. The image of an act welded into your circuitry now and forever. Milestones. A spank bank of living, if you will. For people like me, these landmarks are usually common (but not unimportant) things like getting married, having kids, or even eating a great meal.

But those experiences are not enough for the badasses of this world. No, a badass constantly pursues those astonishing moments in which you step outside your body and say to yourself, *Holy shit, I am actually doing this.*

That's why I came here, to Phoenix. I'm in search of true badassery. Over the next 72 hours, I will jump out of an airplane with members of the Red Bull Air Force skydiving team, ride shotgun in a helicopter, and hang out with Brian Vickers and Scott Speed of the Red Bull NASCAR Racing Team. They have taken me on as a pity case, to put me through a three-day crash course in badassery, and to delight in just how big of a pants-shitting spaz I am. You're never too old to try to become a real man, so let's fucking do this.

Our reporter (center) took the plunge with the Red Bull Air Force skydiving team and NASCAR driver Brian Vickers.

The descent was a tad rapid for our man's tastes.

DAY ONE

If at first you don't succeed, skydiving definitely isn't for you.

The town of Eloy, Arizona, sits 60 miles southeast of Phoenix, in a landscape of cacti and desert brush that barely moves in the deathly heat. Eloy is home to Skydive Arizona, the self-proclaimed largest skydiving center in the world. The place consists of a ranch with a little bar (requisite steer skull hanging outside) and a handful of buildings planted right by the tarmac. Little trailer homes surround the facility, housing mostly skydiving instructors and professionals—people who jumped out of an airplane once and decided that was how they would like to spend the entirety of their existence.

My instructor and tandem-jump partner, Ty, is one such person. As is Jon DeVore, the Red Bull Air Force member assigned to hold my hand (literally) throughout the skydiving process. Vickers, one of Red Bull's NASCAR drivers, is also here. He skydives on his days off. Of course he does. You know, to relax. *Who doesn't?*

Both Jon and Ty have completed more than 10,000 jumps. I ask Jon if skydiving is as cool now as the first time he did it, and he says, "Just another day at the office." It's a refrain I'll hear from men like Jon all weekend.

After a brief training session in an indoor skydiving simulator that looks like a giant four-pronged dildo (so *hot*), I am apparently ready for the real thing. I initial about 100 pages of waivers, watch a video in which some dude with a mustache tells me my family can't sue his ass if I die (they totally will anyway if that happens), and I'm good to go.

Ty comes out, puts me in my harness, and tells me we've got 40 minutes till blastoff. I ask if lots of people pussy out at the last minute. He says no. Well, I have to jump now. No way I'm pussying out if every random asshole tourist can do it.

We are jumping from 13,000 feet. The plane climbs. Ty shows me the altimeter. At 3,000 feet I think, *Shit, this looks high. Can't we just jump from here?* Ty straps himself to me and draws the harness tight. We reach our altitude and the little plastic door opens. Suddenly, it's colder than shit in here.

People start jumping out right away, turning into little insects fluttering in the sky. Ty scoots us to the door. I do not move, as instructed. I'm like a baby in a Bjorn. I grab the bar at the door. Luke, another team member, yells something at me. I assume he says "jump." Fuck if I know. It's loud. I let go and plunge out with Ty, facing upward. The plane trails off quickly. We cannot get back in. We flip around and *holy fucking shit there's the ground*. Jon had told me that my stomach wouldn't drop during the jump, since the plane is already going 100 miles per hour. Jon lied. My stomach drops like a fucking brick. I do not feel like I'm flying. I am fucking *falling*.

Brian Vickers and Jon float over and take my hand on either side. Luke snaps a picture of us with his helmet cam. They all fly off to enjoy themselves, leaving me to try to comprehend what's happening. I can't. Ty taps me. It's time. I reach around to pull the chute and it opens. I'm relieved, until I realize the ground is still very far away and could take days to arrive. Ty steers the chute, and we approach the ground in a spiral, like we're circling a drain. I emit a noise I have never made before. I sound like Tarzan being raped.

The ground rises all too quickly for my tastes. I tell Ty, "Oh, my God! There's the ground! It's coming really fast!" I pick up my feet and Ty absorbs the surprisingly mild impact. I collapse to the ground. It's all over. *I just jumped out of a fucking plane*.

The rest of the team immediately goes off to jump again. I do not join them. The ground is so soft.

I kinda want to throw up. But I don't! *Bad. Ass*.

DAY TWO

Flying is not dangerous; *crashing* is dangerous.

"What's your name today? Queen Bitch?"

Scott Speed is talking to his wife, Amanda. Every day, he gives her a new nickname. Yesterday it was Queen Bitch. Today it's Bootylicious. They're playful like that. Talk with Amanda for three seconds and she'll happily overshare ("I was gonna exercise this morning, but we just had sex instead"). Speed, along with Vickers, is here to race for Red Bull in the Subway 600. Speed (his real name) places second in qualifying. It's a good day for him, and he plans on capping it off by donning a toga and judging a drunken Red Bull chariot race in Tucson. I will be judging with him and, since time is supposedly of the essence, we will make the round trip from Phoenix to Tucson by helicopter. I have never ridden in one before.

Speed (82) placed 21st at Phoenix, while Vickers (83) wrecked and did not finish.

Speed, of course, has.

Everyone decides I should ride in front, since I'll be more terrified that way. I get in and sit next to Jeff, our pilot for the evening. We all don headsets with microphones that allow us to talk over the racket. These things are awesome. I immediately give Jeff permission to napalm a Cambodian village. He declines.

Jeff fires up the blades and we softly lift off. At 300 feet, he tilts, and the land begins scrolling beneath us. At my feet in the cockpit are two clear panels, so I can see right to the ground. It's not unlike being in a glass-bottom boat, except that instead of seeing pretty fish, you get to see yourself potentially impaled on a cactus. The sun is setting behind and to the right of us, and the landscape glows a faint lavender. It's the best-looking thing I've ever seen that didn't come in female form.

I relax until a mountain rears up in front of us. I remind Jeff it's there, in case he doesn't see it. Speed comes on the mike and tells me to clean the sand out of my vagina. Later on, I will find out that Speed cannot tolerate spicy food. *Who's the pussy now, Scott?*

We arrive at the Tucson airport, not dead. Speed and I put on our togas, with Speed going commando in his. Amanda reaches under and gives his dick a playful tug. We go to the bar. Young people race their chariots and crash, much to the crowd's delight.

The return trip takes place at night, the black sky and the black ground joining together to erase the horizon. I feel very much like I am in outer space. When we land back at the track, drunken rednecks and Mexicans have already started tailgating for the race. We are like the aliens from *Close Encounters,* landing to greet all Earthlings. *Bad. Ass.*

DAY THREE

You win some, lose some, and wreck some.

It's race day, and I'm riding shotgun with Brett Bodine, a former NASCAR racer who will be driving the pace car for the Subway 600. Bodine has given any number of jackasses like me pace-car rides, so this is old hat to him. With one hand on the wheel, he explains the nuances of the Phoenix International Raceway as he navigates it at roughly 110 miles per hour.

I hear none of his rehearsed analysis, though, because I am in the throes of sheer terror. Bodine floors it on every sharp turn, and the car, despite coming within a fingernail of the aqua-blue concrete wall every time, stays firmly gripped to the track, against all my expectations. The physics do not compute in my brain, especially given all my years playing *Out Run. God dammit, Brett, how can you be so fucking casual about this? We should be fucking spinning into oblivion.* Yet we do not. This is much scarier than jumping out of a plane.

When the car comes to a stop after five laps, I climb out and realize I was not ready for that. Between the skydive, the copter ride, the desert heat, the general lunacy of the race environment, and the pace-car ride, my brain is broken. I go lie down for an hour in the hauler.

Later that night, Vickers will circle the track just as I did, only 60 miles per hour faster, without air conditioning, and with 50 other drivers going balls-out. He'll also need to be constantly aware of pit stops, speed regulations, rpms, track topography, and a million other things. For three-plus hours. I have no fucking clue how anyone can do this. I ask Vickers if he gets nervous before races. "Not anymore," he says.

He ends up crashing into the wall at Turn Two, the wall that made me shit my pants. The wreck leaves him unharmed, but takes him out of contention (Speed finishes 21st). The cause was a tire blowout, but no one knows why it blew. The pit crew didn't fuck up or anything, and the tire was structurally fine. It just happened to give way. The wreck doesn't shake Vickers. It's simply an annoying incident that came between him and a better finish. He'll forget it by next week.

This is when it occurs to me that, while I am clearly a pussy, I'm okay with it. People like Vickers, Speed, and the skydiving team can do badass things all day, every day, but I can't. It doesn't mean my life is any less rich. It just means that the moments I keep for myself are less, you know, bat-shit insane. I still have plenty of landmarks, maybe as many as those guys. I had two hot dogs during the race. They were outstanding. I shall not soon forget them, and I didn't have to risk life and limb to eat them. Being a pussy? It's just fine with me. Because the most badass thing in the world is to be comfortable in your own skin, and it took three days of being a pretend badass for me to figure that out.

MAXIMUM STAND-UP

Our intrepid—really intrepid—reporter performs comedy for inmates at the notorious Sing Sing prison.

By Dave Hill

There are a lot of questions a person will ask himself when he comes face-to-face for the first time with 300 violent felons in maximum security. "How the hell did I end up here?" is usually near the top of the list. But in my case, I already knew the answer to that one—I had booked myself here. This was *my* idea.

I'm a comedian, and I've been in my fair share of less-than-ideal situations since I started performing a few years ago. I once opened for a Weezer tribute band in Brooklyn and was pelted in the head, twice, with a coin (the denominations are still undetermined, but they were not dimes, I can tell you that). There was the time my occasional sidekick, Little Michael Jackson—a Peruvian dwarf and Michael Jackson impersonator I met in the subway—failed to show up and I was forced to go it alone, dwarfless, for an entire show. Then there was the time I took the stage simply to distract myself from my own personality flaws and real-life problems (okay, I admit it—that's all of the time).

But performing for a roomful of actual hardened criminals with not even a layer of chicken wire between us? That was—to use a little vernacular I picked up in the yard—some next-level shit.

I did have three guidelines. For starters, the prison had to be a well-known one, someplace with a little marquee value (you know, in case I decided to make commemorative T-shirts). It had to be near my home in New York City so that—in the event that anything went wrong—my family could retrieve my body and clean out my apartment in one easy trip. And most important, it had to be maximum-security. I'm an all-or-nothing type of guy.

Fortunately for me, one of the world's most infamous prisons, Sing Sing, in nearby Westchester County, met all my requirements. After a pep talk from Bob, a cop buddy of mine in Cleveland, on how not to sound like a wimp when calling a prison, I gave them a ring. It turned out they didn't have a comedy booker, so they put me on the phone with somebody who coordinates activities for the inmates. After a few calls and e-mail exchanges, we set a date for about a month later.

I thought the whole thing was really hilarious—I'd show up and tell my jokes, hopefully the inmates would like them, and then I'd have a fun story to tell my friends. About a week before the show, however, the reality of the situation started to kick in. I was really going to a maximum-security prison. To tell jokes. It didn't seem quite so hilarious now. It seemed like some terrible prank I was inexplicably about to play on myself.

But when the day of the show finally arrived, a peaceful resolve washed over me and I wondered if this was how a death-row inmate felt. I was ready. I had planned to go it alone, but at the last minute I decided to bring some friends. If I was going to die, I wanted someone to tell my story. My pal Clark Caldwell came to help with the audiovisuals, along with two fellow comics, Carl Arnheiter and Laura Krafft, who would either perform short sets mid-show to protect me from the threat of imminent death, or finish the evening should my death have already taken place.

"We're here to do a comedy show," we told the corrections officer on duty in the parking lot. With a look of mild confusion, he directed us to the main entrance of the prison. There we were met by a handful of surprisingly upbeat corrections officers and other staff who ushered us through a series of eerily charming hallways. (Of course they wouldn't be so charming to anyone doing a ten-year bid within them, but ...) We arrived at the auditorium, which turned out to be a converted chapel.

After a few minutes, the inmates began to file in for the show. I was intimidated at first, catching individual faces and thinking about what they might have done to wind up there, but as their numbers grew it became increasingly difficult to focus on that.

PERFORMING FOR A ROOMFUL OF HARDENED CRIMINALS WITH NOT EVEN A LAYER OF CHICKEN WIRE BETWEEN US? THAT WAS—TO USE A LITTLE VERNACULAR I PICKED UP IN THE YARD—SOME NEXT-LEVEL SHIT.

Before long, they seemed like a crowd of guys who all happened to work out a lot and had the exact same taste in clothes.

The prison staff had arranged for the Unofficial House Band, a rock band comprised of inmates on good behavior, to open the show. After surprisingly solid renditions of the Beatles' "Helter Skelter" and Otis Redding's "Hard to Handle," it was time for me to take the stage, ready or not.

In an attempt to earn the inmates' respect before I actually said anything, I decided to start things off by playing overly animated heavy-metal guitar solos (a skill I had acquired during my lonely teen years) on a modest guitar-and-amp combo I had brought with me in case I needed to stall for time at any point. Much to my relief, my plan actually worked, and when I stepped up to the microphone, the inmates appeared to be willing to hold off on shanking me—for a few minutes at least.

"I never thought I'd have the chance to say this, but it's really great to be here in prison with all you guys," I said to start the show. They got the joke.

I figured it was best to make myself the butt of most of my jokes, but once they warmed up a bit, I turned the tables slightly.

"Who here is from out of town?" I asked, and got a laugh.

I continued my impression of a comedy-club hack by asking, "And who came from farthest away today?"

"Kansas City!" a member of the Unofficial House Band yelled from the front row.

"Did you always want to live on the East Coast or did it just work out that way?" I countered. This also got laughs, but you could tell it stung a bit, too. Hey, even violent felons have feelings.

Mid-show, my fellow comics took the stage. Carl went first and got big laughs with a detailed (if completely bullshitted) account of his workout regimen. Next up was Laura, in a pretty red dress. Her set started out well, but before long it seemed as if she started to feel like one of those Bugs Bunny characters who magically turns into a giant turkey leg in front of some other character who hasn't eaten in a while. Though the inmates didn't do anything overt during her performance, Laura decided to cut things short after Big House vibes got the best of her.

"You know why you got scared, don't you?" a corrections officer asked her, in an attempt to calm her nerves.

"Why did I get scared?" she asked.

"Those guys are all murderers and rapists!"

I'm not sure if this made Laura feel any better, but I sure got a kick out of it. With Laura under close watch and Carl having changed out of his workout attire, I returned to the stage for another half hour. There was banter that included me threatening to make a few hecklers "my bitches" and a casual onstage interview of two inmates who had been handpicked by prison officials, based on what were perceived to be low odds of them making a fist puppet out of me at any point during the performance.

When I said good night, the inmates gave me a standing ovation. I was so thrilled I inadvertently raised my fist in a Black Power salute before catching myself and transitioning into a bow. To their credit, the inmates let that one slide.

They returned to their cell blocks, and the corrections officers led us back to the parking lot. The inmates clapped and hollered out as I passed. It was like something out of *Shawshank Redemption*.

"They respect you," a prison official explained to me. "If they didn't, they would've just ignored you as you walked by." I don't know what it is about me and seeking approval in all the wrong places, but I have to admit it felt pretty awesome.

As we headed back to our car, the superintendent handed me the flyer they had used to advertise my show. It looked pretty much like your typical show flyer except for a line of text that read, "Must have one year clean disciplinary to attend."

"Next time let's make it one *month* clean disciplinary—I want to pack the place!" I said. The superintendent didn't think I was as funny as the inmates did.

"See you next year, Dave!" a few more inmates yelled to me through the bars before we got back in the car.

Yup, see you next year, I thought. *I guess I'll, uh, go do whatever the fuck I want now.*

I didn't mean that in a cruel way, but it was hard not to notice how wildly our lives would now diverge after all the good times we'd just had together.

LET'S RIDE!

The legendary Hell's Angels leader remembers a time when motorcycle riding itself was practically a crime.

By Sonny Barger

BACK IN THE 1970S PEOPLE USED TO SAY, "RIDE HARD, DIE YOUNG, AND LEAVE A GOOD-LOOKING CORPSE." People said a lot of stupid things back then. I'm in my seventies today, and that saying seems even more idiotic to me now than it did back then. I've got a better plan: Ride smart, live long, and die of old age. I take good care of myself. I eat a healthy diet, I exercise every day, and I ride safe. I do this not because I'm afraid of dying. I do it because the longer I stay healthy, the longer I can ride motorcycles.

If there's one thing I want you to know about me, it's that I love to ride. A lot of people know a lot about me. Other people *think* they know me because so much has been written about me. Some of it is true, but most is bullshit. And none of it is relevant here; the only thing that matters is that I love motorcycles.

Most motorcycle owners really aren't serious riders. They ride maybe once or twice on a weekend and only when the sun is out. They don't get up in the morning and ride to work in the cold or rain. More often than not they get in their cars instead of on their bikes. That's not me.

Becoming a serious rider is no easy thing to do. As soon as you tell people you're interested in riding motorcycles, you'll start to hear an endless stream of warnings, mostly some variation of "Motorcycles are dangerous!" This is true—motorcycles are dangerous, but hey, life itself is dangerous. Only you can decide if the freedom and excitement a motorcycle can provide is worth the level of risk.

If you're like me and motorcycling is in your blood, there's only one answer: *"Yes."*

As soon as you start riding a motorcycle, you'll find you are part of a larger community of riders. The first thing you'll notice is that other motorcycle riders wave at you, even if you don't know them from Adam. Here's a word of advice—wave back. It doesn't matter if the other rider is some kid on a sport bike, some adventure-tourer traveling the globe on a big dual-purpose bike,

or a member of a one-percenter club; that rider waving at you is acknowledging that the two of you are in this together. The least you could do is let the other rider know you get the message. Waving goes back to the early days of riding. When I started riding, bikes were so unreliable that traveling the 60 miles from Oakland to San Jose was considered a big trip. You might see only one other motorcycle the whole way, so when you did, you waved at him. He might even stop and have a cup of coffee with you.

These days bikes are a lot more reliable and everyone has a cellphone; if something does go wrong you can just call for help. But back then, if your bike broke down you had two choices: Fix it or walk. To be a motorcycle rider in the early days you had to be a decent motorcycle mechanic, too.

This kept motorcycles off-limits for people who were trained to be things like schoolteachers and bank tellers instead of grease monkeys. It made riding a motorcycle more or less a blue-collar activity, which set up a class divide between riders and nonriders that wouldn't be torn down for generations.

One reason mainstream American citizens began to fear motorcycles was because of the press. It didn't take much to scare the piss out of the average American in the late 1940s; anything that represented the unknown was frightening, and people who rode motorcycles represented an unknown quantity. The sight of a bunch of greasy-fingernailed motorcyclists roaring into a gas station was enough to make Mr. Average American wet his pants.

At least in part, this brotherhood came about as the result of the anti-motorcycle hysteria that infected the U.S. in the years after World War II. With communism spreading around the world and the Soviet Union getting an atomic bomb, you couldn't blame people for being scared of just about anything out of the ordinary, and back in those days riding a motorcycle was definitely unusual.

Being quick to pick up on anything that exploited the average American's fear of the unknown, the magazines and newspapers of the day (remember, this was back when hardly anyone had television) published stories on anything and everything that frightened people, whether it was communist infiltrators, unidentified flying objects, or a bunch of guys out having a good time on their motorcycles. If something wasn't scary enough to sell newspapers and magazines, the newspapers and magazines would just stretch the truth until it was sensational enough.

That's exactly what they did with a motorcycle rally that got a little boisterous in the small town of Hollister, California, over the Fourth of July holiday in 1947. About 4,000 motorcycle riders came to town that weekend, mostly to attend races sponsored by the American Motorcyclist Association. That was a lot more people than the town expected, and things got a little hectic.

A total of 29 people were arrested for drunkenness, indecent exposure, and traffic violations, but overall the motorcyclists were just a little rowdier than the cowboys were when the rodeo came to town. Finally one guy rode his motorcycle right into a bar, prompting the owner to call the California Highway Patrol, who cleared everyone out and put a stop to the party.

The Hollister event would have gone down in history as just another good Fourth of July party in a small town had a photographer not put a pile of empty beer bottles around a motorcycle and had a guy pose on the bike. He sold the resulting photo to *Life* magazine, which ran it with a short story about how hordes of motorcyclists were descending on the country, hell-bent on destroying everything in their paths.

That story became the basis for the 1953 film *The Wild One.* Mostly the film shows a bunch of people having a good time on motorcycles, but back then, Johnny, played by Marlon Brando, seemed like the Antichrist to the average American, and the film helped to spread mistrust between motorcycle riders and nonmotorcycle riders.

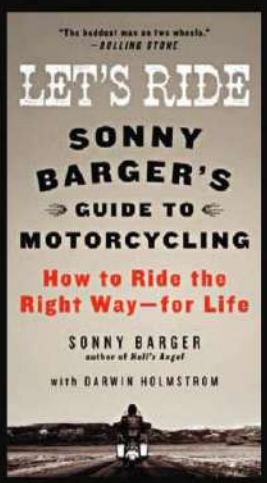
When I started riding motorcycles, it was practically a crime; not only did we have to be on constant vigil against careless car drivers, wild animals and dogs, and other hazards of the road, but we also had to watch out for the cops who would harass us at every opportunity just because of the mode of transportation we preferred. With this kind of pressure on us, it made sense that we would seek the brotherhood found in motorcycle clubs. [*Editor's note:* The photo on the right, above, shows Barger, in the black shirt, and some Hell's Angels buddies in 1965.]

Riding alone is fun, but being part of a group provides advantages. With a group, you'll have someone to watch your back if something happens or to help you if you go down. Plus, it's nice to have someone to share the ride with.

But for me, in the end it all boils down to the freedom I find on a bike. When I pop the gearshift lever on my bike into first and ride out onto the open road, I leave everything else behind.

Once you let the experience of riding overwhelm you and drive all the useless thoughts from your head, that's when you really start to enjoy the freedom of riding a bike. It doesn't matter if you're riding 5 miles or 500 miles; time has little meaning when your head is in the act of riding and it's just you, your bike, and the road.

Riding really is a form of meditation. Most religions have ways to help focus your thoughts—meditation, prayer, ceremonies—and I believe that riding motorcycles is as good a religion as any, and probably better than most. For me, riding a motorcycle is like being part of a ceremony; it's something holy. I think a lot of my club brothers feel the same way. That's why we call going to our club meetings "going to church."



And whether or not you join a club, if you love to ride a motorcycle, you are part of my church.

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super star

When we featured the beautiful Lela Star in our December 2009 issue, we already wanted to see more of her, and you, our readers, concurred. We couldn't think of a better way to welcome back the busty brunette than to make her our July Pet of the Month. Enjoy!

Photographs by Emma Nixon

"I love being a nude model because I love looking sexy, and getting to touch myself in front of other people is a huge turn-on!"

"If I won a million dollars, I would keep working. A million bucks doesn't buy you much these days, especially in California. Gotta get a billion. Then I would lie around on a yacht drinking Dom Rosé all day."

"When I'm with the right guy, I'm completely faithful. If I don't want to be faithful, then he's not the man for me, and I don't waste my time with a relationship."

LELA STAR
JULY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH
THE BIG RIP

"If I could have sex with anyone living or dead, I would pick Marilyn Monroe. She seems like someone who knew how to have a good time in bed.... Look at that: I picked a girl."

Vital stats:
24 years old
5'0"; 32D-19-23

Hometown:
Miami.

Favorite thing about your hometown:
It's tropical, and the people are sexy.

What do you do for a living?
I'm a model/porn star/pretty princess.

Your favorite thing about your job:
Getting my makeup done.

Favorite vacation spot:
Anywhere warm. I don't do cold.

Favorite TV show:
Anything reality-based. I'm obsessed.

Favorite movie:
House of 1000 Corpses. It's *sooo* weird, and I love weird.

The hottest movie sex scene:
All of mine! Duh.

What do you have that other girls don't?
An elf ear. My left ear is kinda pointy and cute.

When are you happiest?
There are plenty of moments when I'm happy.... Like when I get a new pair of Christian Louboutin heels and I parade around my house in nothing else.

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MCKENZEE MILES
AUGUST 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

wild child

The beautiful Mckenzee Miles has an associate's degree in business as well as her real estate license, but she's not all business. As she tells us, "Life is all about balance. When I need to handle work stuff, I'm professional. When it's time to have fun, I get wild." We'd happily get wild with this sultry, free-spirited adult-entertainment star any time.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

"I love guys who know how to treat a woman, and I'm really turned on by funny guys. I have a celeb crush on Will Ferrell."

"When it comes to getting physical with a new guy, I'm a bit of a challenge. I won't make the first move, and I don't like to be obvious when I want him to. A man needs to read between the lines with me."

"I had really hot sex with a guy who was kind of forbidden fruit. He was my ex's boss. There is just some aspect of doing something 'wrong' that turns me on."

"If I could have sex with anyone, I would pick my first boyfriend/love. I bet it would be great. We were together from sophomore year of high school to freshman year of college. I was a horny little girl and wanted it so bad, but he was super-religious."

Vital stats:
23 years old
5′4″; 34C-24-34

Hometown:
Canby, Oregon.

What do you do for a living?
I'm an adult actress and model.

Favorite food:
Avocados; bagels with cream cheese.

Favorite drink:
Starbucks; white wine.

Favorite kind of music:
I'm a country girl, but I like variety. I love listening to Britney Spears when I'm doing a photo shoot.

What music gets you in the mood?
R&B! Throw on some Marvin Gaye.

Your ideal date:
A nice dinner with good conversation, then a sporting event or a comedy show.

If you won a million dollars, you'd:
Do what I could to turn it into two million.

The most daring thing you've ever done:
Rock jumping and bridge jumping into the water while camping at Lake Shasta. I'm always the first to go.

Ever been in a physical fight?
Ew, that's so trashy. And I'd get destroyed!

Under what circumstances would you have sex with a stranger?
Well, it's in my job description.

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ONE LUCKY DOG

This animal-behavior specialist knows how to make women heel.

As told to Ronnie Koenig

I have loved dogs since I was a kid, but never in my wildest dreams did I think that being a dog trainer could help me get women. I guess it's a beneficial side effect of the fact that girls like seeing a man in a position of authority who is not afraid to give commands and take on dogs of any size or temperament.

The first time I had sex on the job, I was at the home of a woman with two bulldogs. Francine was in her thirties, really sexy with long dark hair and olive skin that looked perfect against her skimpy yellow tank top. When I got there, she led me into the backyard, where the dogs were in individual cages. She said they were her husband's and that they fought constantly.

I took the dogs out and showed her some techniques to practice with them every day. She told me that she liked how in-control I was, and as we talked, she kept putting her hand on my arm. She said she'd like to have someone tell her what to do like that, so jokingly I said, "Okay, take your clothes off." Without hesitating, Francine lifted her tank top over her head and threw it to the side. She was braless underneath, and I stared at her large breasts. The dogs were both back in their cages now, so I leaned up against the side of the house, unzipped my pants, and pulled out my cock, which was already hard. Francine got down on her knees and started sucking me like she was really into it. Just as I was about to come, I heard a noise and looked over to see an older guy in a suit, standing by the screen door. *Shit,* I thought. *That's her husband!* But then he said, "Keep going." Francine acted like this was nothing out of the ordinary. She kept working my cock with her hand, and after a few seconds I came in her mouth. As I was leaving, her husband thanked me and handed me money.

There's a bar I go to in my neighborhood that has this really hot bartender I'll call Crystal. She knows what I do for a living and we always flirt. Then one day I got a call to come over and help with Bailey, her one-year-old boxer. When I got there, Crystal and Bailey were in the pool. Crystal had on a string bikini, and I realized that I'd never known what a great body she had—washboard stomach, toned arms, and underneath the triangles of her bathing suit top, breasts like two perfect grapefruits. She told me that she wanted me to help Bailey learn to swim and that I should come on in. The dog was already swimming like a champ, but I took off my clothes anyway—all of them. When I jumped into the water, she swam up to me and wrapped her legs around me so that my dick was pressed up against her crotch. We started to kiss, and then she stopped and took Bailey out of the pool.

When she came back she was completely naked, and I got out and pushed her down onto a lounge chair. We were both dripping wet, and I went down on her until she came. At this point, she was so wet that I just slid right into her. We switched positions and kept fucking for a while until I put her on top of me. Watching her tits bounce up and down as she rode my dick put me over the edge, and I shot my come inside her. Since that day, we get together a couple of times every month.

We were both dripping, and I went down on her until she came. At this point, she was so wet that I just slid right into her.

Then there was the time I was at the dog-training center and a girl came in with her dog. Tania was a cute little blonde, and couldn't have been more than 20. She was really hung up on this German shepherd/husky mix, but he was tearing up her house and biting people. She couldn't handle him anymore and was thinking about giving him up. I took Tania aside and asked her what she wanted to do. I could tell she was upset about the decision, so I put my hands on her shoulders and gave her a quick massage. She moaned a little and said, "Wow, are you trying to get in my pants?" I said, "Maybe." She replied, "Well, it's working."

I told her that we should take a walk and then come back and make a decision about the dog. She agreed. Behind the center is a big open field. We walked past it, all the way into the woods. She kept saying very provocative things, like that she had never had sex outside. I hoped she wasn't teasing me, because I was hard just from our conversation. When we were in an area where no one could see us, we started making out. Pushing the crotch of her jean shorts to the side, I slid my fingers into her panties. "I want you to fuck me right here!" she said. I pulled down her shorts so hard that it left marks, and shoved my dick into her tight hole. She grabbed on to the trunk of a tree for support as I pounded into her. "Don't come inside me!" she yelled just as I was getting close, so I pulled out and spilled my load all over her ass and thighs, which she loved. She ended up taking the dog back home with her, and I offered to come by any time to give him (and her) obedience lessons.

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Condomania

An ongoing exhibit at the Museum of Sex on New York City's Fifth Avenue showcases condoms as objects of health, contraception, education, and art.

By Christine Colby

Clockwise from left: Bertini's condom dress, "Blossom" by Randy Polumbo, and Franco B's "Fist Sculpture."

"Rubbers: The Life, History & Struggle of the Condom," in partnership with Trojan brand condoms, doesn't sound like the most fun way to spend an afternoon. But it's way more entertaining than one might expect, and nothing like a boring health-class lecture. An extraordinary collection of anything and everything rubber-related, it's educational and thought-provoking, and also just plain fun and titillating.

You'll feel lucky to be living and screwing in modern days when you see the antique linen condom on display. There are some other similarly uncomfortable-looking sheaths, such as one modeled after a cheese grater—but thankfully, that's just art. A lot of the most memorable displays are, in fact, the art pieces. A lamp made from illuminated prophylactics looks like a fitting accessory to a mad scientist's lab, as does another hanging contraption that features rubbers inflating and deflating.

In the 1980s, Keith Haring's iconic style publicized the idea of safe sex to combat the spread of HIV and AIDS. There are several examples of his work, as well as other provocative and powerful safe-sex-education images. Artist Franco B has an affecting work on display— a large block of resin filled with hundreds of used condoms retrieved from the floor of Fist, a gay nightclub in London. The grime, filth, and germs that are almost touchable, yet safely encased, make a powerful metaphor for covering up while exchanging bodily fluids.

"This exhibition was created to revitalize conversations about safe sex, which have been swept under the rug the past few years, in spite of the fact that rates of sexually transmitted infections are on the rise," says Sarah Forbes, Museum of Sex curator. "By focusing on the condom, a significant sexual artifact, we can survey the historical pulse of attitudes toward sex."

A couple of the most whimsical historical pieces are the dispenser machine that looks like it came from a seventies truck-stop bathroom and a pharmacy display that dates back to the thirties, when rubbers couldn't be purchased over the counter. The World War II–era government-issued materials and Johnny caps warning GIs to be wary of disease-ridden prostitutes definitely evoke a time and place. Speaking of disease, one wall boasts beautiful and colorful abstract images that can be viewed through the museum's 3-D glasses. It's easy to be awed by the beauty

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CONDOMANIA) COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF SEX, (NICE PACKAGE) COURTESY OF DELRAY CAMERA SHOP

of the technology of the display and forget that the pictures are greatly magnified medical images of STDs on slides.

The most imposing display case contains a gorgeous red-carpet-style gown that at first seems out of place. Why is haute fashion on display? Because it was made by designer Adriana Bertini from 1,200 unused, hand-dyed condoms.

" 'Rubbers' is the culmination of safe-sex scholarship from around the world," says Daniel Gluck, founder and executive director of the Museum of Sex. "We hope that our patrons leave this exhibition well-versed in not only the past and present history of the condom, but also the future of safe sex."

The combination of historical artifacts, art pieces, interactive displays, and educational and controversial material makes the condom exhibit definitely worth a visit. Just be sure to leave yourself plenty of time, as the rest of the museum is filled with fascinating items illustrating the history of sexuality, fetishism, and pornography.

Clockwise from top left: "Six Pack 6" by Randy Polumbo, vintage condom machine, and Julian Murphy's "Grater Protection."

NICE PACKAGE

Heard the one about the dad telling his young son about the differences among condom packages? "The single-pack is for high school boys who might get laid once over the weekend," the dad says. "The three-pack is for college guys who party Thursday through Saturday night. And the 12-pack—that's for married men, one for each month of the year."

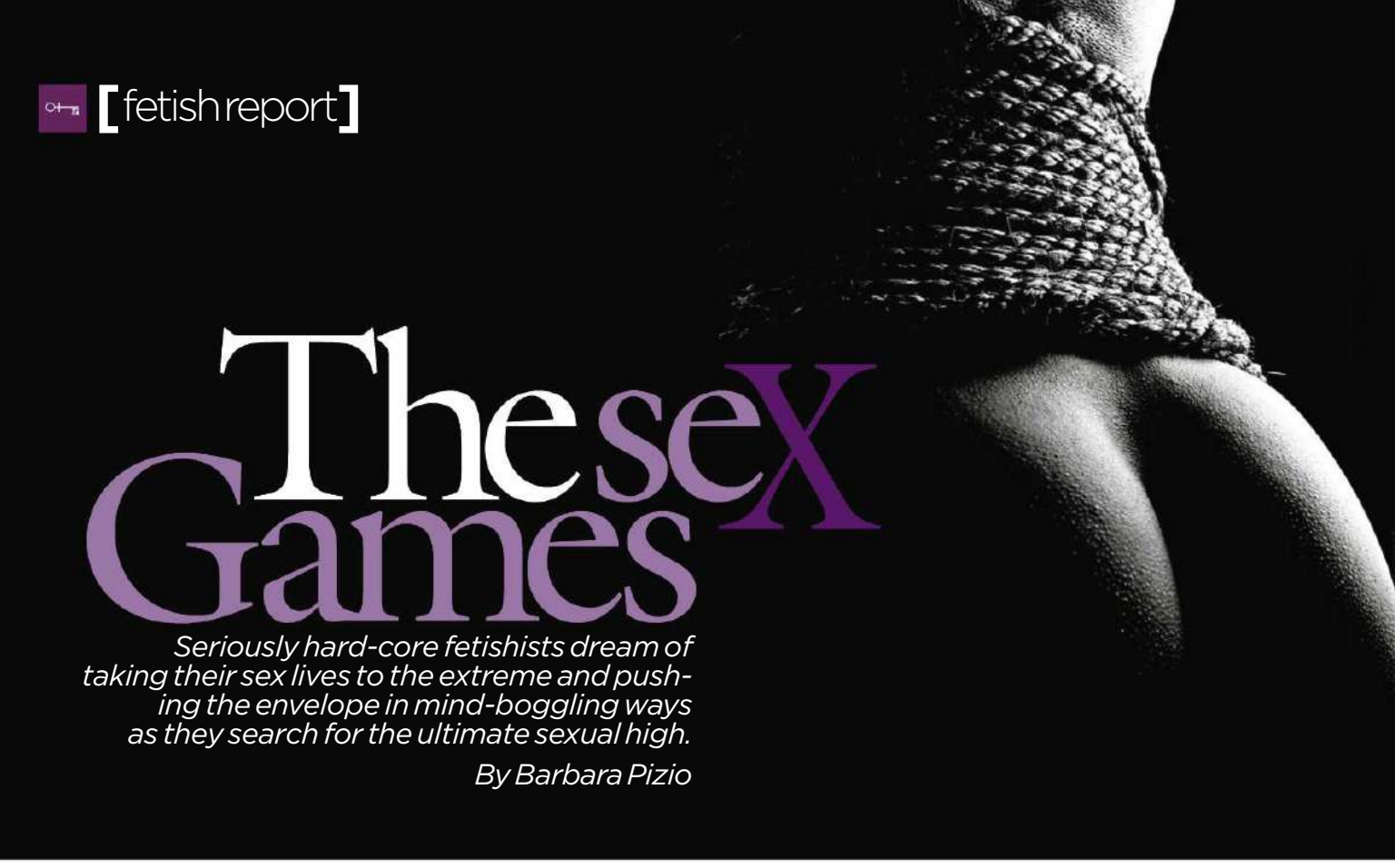
Like tobacco tins, condom containers are part of a collectors' market, of which Dennis O'Brien and George Goehring are experts. Two of the three authors of the collectors' guide *Remember Your Rubbers!* (Schiffer Publishing), they collect the condom tins because of their clever artwork and small size. But the same things that make them fun

to collect also make them difficult to find. "People didn't keep them around to store things in, like with other early advertising containers," explains Goehring. "Rubber tins were too small to store much, and people were too embarrassed to keep them."

They don't often turn up in basements, attics, and drawers, quips Goehring; they're found in tackle boxes, backseats of cars, and barns. O'Brien notes,

"Our favorite location was a rubber tin, Radium Nutex, that was discovered in a World War II sailor's hat, hidden inside a hand-sewn pocket in the hatband."

The most common on the collectors' market include Merry Widows, Sheik, and Dean's Peacocks, which can be found for $10 to $25, says Goehring. Mid-range brands—Three Cadets, Chariots, and Romeos—can be found for about $100 to $200. Rare brands such as Three Graces, 3 Pirates, and Tally Ho typically go for $300 to $600, with some, such as Blue Goose, so elusive their value exceeds $1,000.—*Deborah Yonick*



The seX Games

Seriously hard-core fetishists dream of taking their sex lives to the extreme and pushing the envelope in mind-boggling ways as they search for the ultimate sexual high.

By Barbara Pizio

Fetishism is, by definition, the pathological displacement of erotic interest and satisfaction. What does that mean? He's gotta have it. Without his kink of choice present, in mind or body, he can't get it up or get off. A lot of men find long, lean female legs appealing, but the guy who can't come without thinking about—or better yet, fucking—a gorgeous set of gams has a fetish.

In practice, fetishism isn't an all-or-nothing proposition; there's a sliding scale of perversity. For some, dirty daydreams about their favorite body part, sensual item, or sex act will be enough to provide a lifetime of orgasms. For others, fantasies are merely a starting point. The dangerous sex act that gets the most press is David Carradine–style accidental strangulation while engaging in autoerotic asphyxiation, with good reason. It's estimated that every year as many as 50 young American men die this way. But some of these paraphilias are actually impractical in reality—or literally a one-shot deal.

GOING TO PIECES

Apotemnophilia: the desire to be an amputee

People with this fetish may be obsessed with dreaming about and/or plotting the loss of one of their limbs. Some apotemnophiles bind their arms or legs with bandages to appear as if they have had amputations, and/or use crutches or wheelchairs to feign being disabled. Hard-core devotees seek medical assistance for the removal of healthy limbs that they see as superfluous. Gregg Furth, a New York City psychoanalyst, made international news in 2000 when he sought surgery in Scotland to remove his healthy leg. After the public outcry, the hospital refused to allow the amputation.

Some apotemnophiles become consumed with self-mutilation, creating such elaborate scenarios as having a train run over the "unnecessary" appendage or using a firearm to cause serious injury. Some of these individuals, like Furth, swear that their longings have nothing to do with sex, but are related to body-image disorders and the feeling that the offending limbs do not belong. In other words, they hack off their own body parts to feel whole.

COMBAT KINK

Agonophilia: becoming aroused by fighting, either as participant or voyeur

It's all about the thrill of the chase for agonophiles who are turned on by partners who pretend to struggle and resist before they're ultimately overpowered. Others get an erotic charge from watching wrestling, boxing, or martial arts, and may fetishize the gear associated with combat sports. For them, boxing gloves and trunks, hand wraps, and other accessories have more appeal than lingerie.

Then there's the classic catfighting scenario. Countless specialized adult videos, magazines, and websites are devoted to the topic of women fighting women. It's so pervasive that it's often depicted in mass-market entertainment, from casual references on sitcoms to being the theme of TV commercials.

For guys—or girls—who ache for some serious grappling, there are female wrestlers who book private sessions consisting of tests of strength or outright domination, depending on a client's kink of choice. The New York City–based Doom Maidens, for instance, proudly pronounces on its website: "Whether you are seeking a competitive match, a semi-competitive workout, a fantasy or role-playing wrestling scenario ... or a dose of fine physical domination, we will bring it on!"

'TIL DEATH DO US PART

Autassassinophilia: getting turned on by putting oneself in life-threatening positions

Sharon Lopatka left her Maryland home in 1996 to "visit a friend." Her husband contacted authorities a short while later after finding a note from her that said she wouldn't be returning and he should not look for her killer. A search of her computer files led police to Robert Glass, a man Lopatka had met on the internet while she was apparently searching for someone willing to torture her to death. It seemed she was successful: Her body was found in a shallow grave near Glass's trailer in North Carolina less than two weeks later.

Despite numerous newsgroup postings and nearly 900 pages of explicit emails detailing their fantasies, Glass claimed

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) VALENTIN CASARSA/GETTY IMAGES, PAT SIMIONE/ALAMY, MOODBOARD/ALAMY, BARTLEBY/HBO/WB-TV/THE KOBAL COLLECTION, RYUHEI SHINDO/GETTY IMAGES

during interviews with authorities that Lopatka was accidentally strangled during sex. Since Lopatka was unable to tell her side of the story, it's unclear if her death was a case of role-playing gone wrong or a consensual lust murder orchestrated by her own hand. In the end, Glass was sentenced to 36 to 53 months for manslaughter. He died in prison in 2002.

LUST ON THE RUN

Phygephilia: being aroused by the idea of running from the law

What's the appeal of being a fugitive? It could be a combination of the adrenaline rush and the satisfying feeling of being one step ahead of the cops. Life on the lam can be a lonely one, though, without a partner-in-crime. The best bet for satisfying companionship would be someone with **hybristophilia,** or Bonnie and Clyde Syndrome: the phenomenon of being attracted to and aroused by those who have committed violent crimes.

TREAD ON ME

Crush: a desire to watch someone crushing inanimate objects or small creatures

The majority of crush fetishists are into watching attractive women squash insects, small animals, or things, such as pieces of ripe fruit. Some men, however, dream of being the object underfoot. Trample fetishists literally want women to walk all over them, some preferring the ladies to be barefoot, while others demand to feel pointy high heels digging into their flesh. But some trample fans' predilection gets them into real trouble.

The most notorious case is that of Bryan Loudermilk, a crush filmmaker in Florida. He was a self-described foot slave known among fellow fetishists for his drawings of giant women smushing tiny men. He even fashioned a wooden leg and foot with a spike-heeled sandal so he could simulate being stomped on by his dream domme while masturbating. In 1999, two of Loudermilk's friends found him, alive, underneath a rear wheel of his idling SUV. He was lying in a ditch with a board and a pillow wedged between his body and the tire. When his acquaintances moved the SUV, Loudermilk went into shock, then died hours later at the hospital. State Attorney General Bernard Romero told the *Broward-Palm Beach New Times* that he believed someone positioned the vehicle and left Loudermilk alone to masturbate, but no one has ever discovered the identity of that assistant.

LET IT BLEED

Hematolagnia: being sexually stimulated by blood

Individuals with this fetish get their kink on by cutting or biting others, whether as an act of bonding among like-minded friends or as a form of foreplay between lovers. It can consist solely of bloodletting or can venture into vampirism, with the actual drinking of blood and related role-play—sanguinarian vampirism. These people crave the taste of blood as much as the sight of it and the feel of it on their skin. But not all blood fetishists are into vampirism. Consensual blood sports include temporary and permanent piercings, cuttings, and brandings that are done solely for the sexual high that comes from the scene.

APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION

Symphorophilia: being aroused by car crashes

J. G. Ballard's controversial 1973 novel *Crash,* with its sensationalized view of the effects of technology on human psychology, was a startling portrait of a fetish subculture. The story took place in a harsh dystopia where people were devoid of emotion. They were knocked out of their detached stupor only when confronted with the grotesque aftermath of car crashes: the twisted metal and broken glass, and the gruesome injuries inflicted on the vehicles' passengers. One of the main characters sees the combination of battered bodies and steel as "a new sexuality, born from perverse technology," and seeks to re-create documented accidents for his personal gratification. For some symphorophilists, watching a collision and its aftereffects provides satisfaction; others are fulfilled only by staging and causing disasters.

LOVE BITES

Odontophilia: sexual stimulation from looking at teeth and/or observing dental procedures, including tooth extraction

The online magazine Complex.com got into the odontophile game last year by featuring photos of its favorite gap-toothed women, praising the spacey smiles of Madonna, Amy Winehouse, and Anna Paquin—harmless fun. But Scottish tooth-lover Eric White got himself into a heap of trouble in 2004. He was such a fan of female pearly whites that he approached women on the street, claiming to work for a dental magazine, and asked to photograph their teeth. White managed to find a few women willing to open their mouths before he blew his cover by following his models to their homes. He was arrested for stalking, which resulted in a sentence of three years' probation and an order from the court to attend sex offenders' counseling.

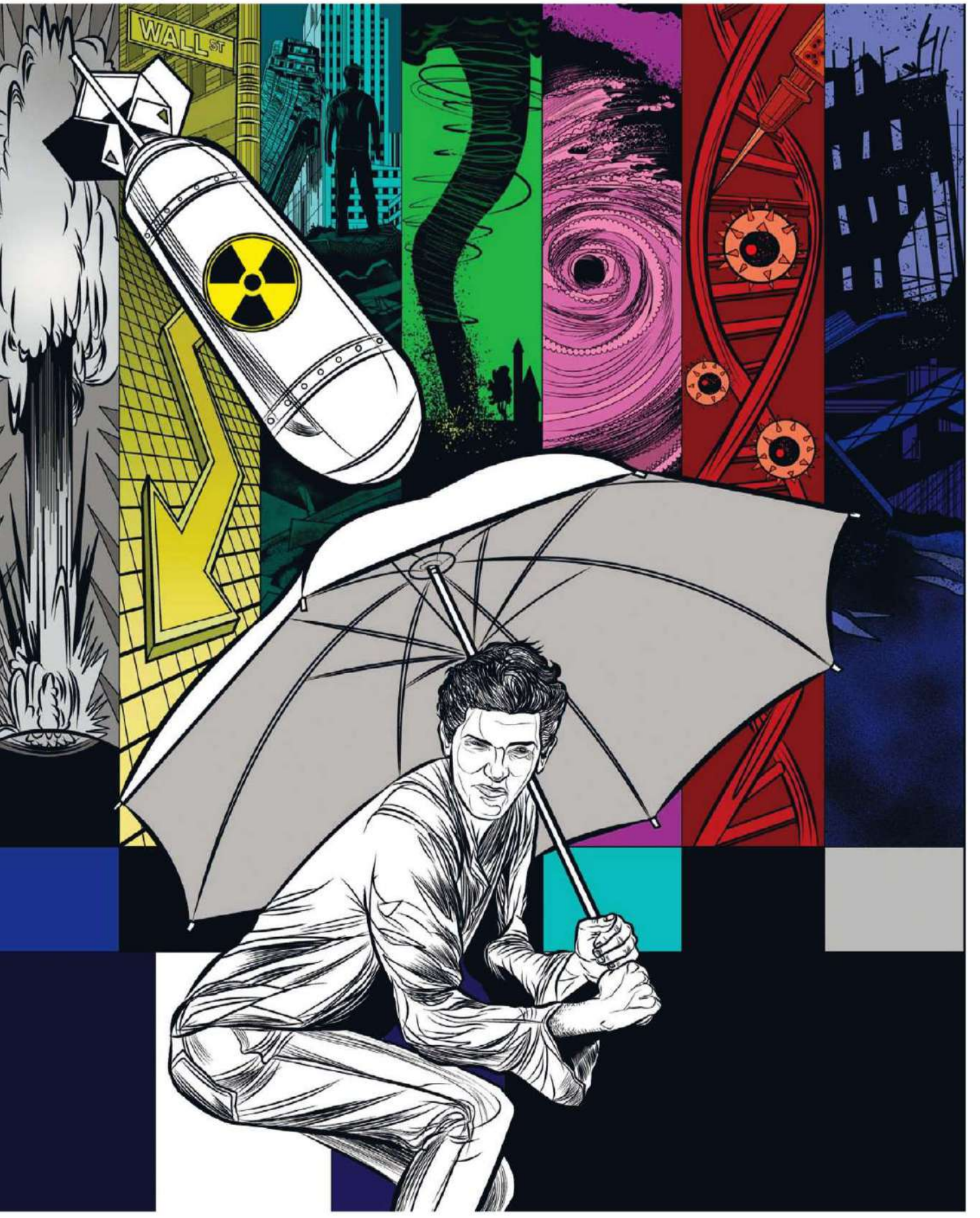
Some odontophiles satisfy their desire by licking their partner's teeth, or get off on either leaving teeth marks on their lover or having teeth marks left on them.

VOREPLAY

Vorarephilia: becoming aroused by cannibalistic fantasies (not to be confused with the real thing)

A "soft vore" fantasizes about being swallowed whole, without any pain. They are either macrophiles who imagine that their predator is a hungry giantess or microphiles who dream about shrinking down to become a bite-size morsel for a ravenous admirer.

A "hard vore" harbors a rougher fantasy that may involve killing, with flesh being torn, chewed, and eaten. These fetishists might seek out playacting, like being tied to a spit and roasted over an imaginary fire or baked in a faux oven while trussed up like a turkey. Partners enhance the scene by vividly describing the cooking process, which is, for some, enough to induce orgasm.


WALL ST

Survive the End of the World

Maybe it's a category-five hurricane or an earthquake. Maybe a new virus kills humans faster than any disease since the plague. Or the next banking crisis takes us from advanced capitalism to chaos in the blink of an eye. Or, maybe the terrorists finally explode that dirty bomb. Here's what you can do when the only thing you can really count on is uncertainty.

By Michael Estrin
Illustrations by Jon Proctor

ALWAYS BE PREPARED

Max out your skills right now. All of them. If someone wants to teach you to fly a plane, say yes, because you never know. If your local fire department offers a first-aid class, take it. And if there's a cooking show on how to make beef jerky or start a vegetable garden, watch it. Get the idea?

"Being a true badass is about being independent from the system," says Neil Strauss, author of *Emergency: This Book Will Save Your Life*. "The more you learn and the better prepared you are, the less afraid you'll be."

If you've planned ahead at all (and you should), you've filled a handy backpack with some survival essentials: a fixed-blade knife, medicine, nonperishable foods like canned tuna and peanut butter, a map, and iodine tablets for purifying water. Survivalists call them "G.O.O.D." bags, as in Get Out of Dodge, or simply "Bug Out Bags." And anyone who's ever thought seriously about surviving the end of the world has spent hours packing and repacking this doomsday backpack, making sure it's both lightweight and jammed full of the kind of stuff they'll need when all hell breaks loose.

FIND A WATER SUPPLY

You won't last more than three days without water. But if you haven't stockpiled a serious supply in advance, you're not screwed, says Dr. Maurice A. Ramirez, an emergency-medicine specialist and founder of High Alert International, a medical consulting firm that responds to major disasters, such as the recent earthquake in Haiti.

"Most people are caught unaware by disaster," Ramirez explains. "In those cases, the problem isn't finding water; it's making water clean."

Ramirez says that filters, boiling, and iodine tablets (assuming you aren't allergic) all work well when it's time to purify water, but the easiest solution can be found in just about any home. "Put a teaspoon of Clorox in a gallon of water and let it sit for about 15 minutes," Ramirez says. "It'll taste like pool water, but you can live on it forever."

MAKE FIRE

If you've had some primitive-skills training, you know you can build a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together. The trouble is, you need to be a real outdoorsman to master this method. More likely, you've thought ahead and packed a lighter or a magnesium stick in your G.O.O.D. bag. But if you don't have those items, it's possible to make a fire with two common household items: steel wool and a nine-volt battery.

Rudy Reyes, a former recon marine who, after combat tours in Afghanistan and Iraq, appeared as himself in HBO's *Generation Kill* and as the host of *Apocalypse Man,* a History Channel show about disaster survival, explains, "Fray the steel wool—that's your tinder. Then scrape the charged end of the battery against the wool. It'll start to spark. You can apply your burning tinder to kindling [little pieces of wood or cardboard], which can then be used to light larger pieces of wood."

But starting a fire is only half the battle. "You need to keep it tactical," Reyes warns.

That means keeping your fire small, because bad guys can smell larger fires over a great distance. And it also means concealing your fire. For that, Reyes suggests finding such debris as cinder blocks, bricks, or even building a dirt mound around the sides of the fire to hide the flames.

GET SHELTERED

Where you sleep after a disaster will depend most on the nature of the catastrophic event. Provided there hasn't been an earthquake, any structurally sound building will do. But before you set up camp, you'll want to make sure you're the only one in the building.

"Never assume security," says Reyes, who adds that you should map out an escape route in case someone else comes knocking. But, if you're forced to sleep outside, you'll need a shelter to keep safe from the elements—especially wind, cold, and rain. "A tarp is a great way to start a shelter," Reyes says. "Use sticks and stones to shape and secure an A-frame tent or a lean-to out of your tarp. Then gather as much grass, leaves, dirt, and pine needles as you can to insulate your shelter. That will keep you warm."

TAPE IT UP

Duct tape has a million uses, but one commonly overlooked use is in first aid.

"You can patch anything with duct tape, including a hole in your body," Ramirez explains. "It may not be perfectly sterile, but it'll stop the bleeding, and survival health care is about incremental goals."

A piece of clean cloth with duct tape on either end makes for a pretty solid Band-Aid, whereas strips of duct tape cut into quarter-inch pieces can substitute nicely for stitches. For larger wounds, duct tape can be used to hold the skin together, which will give the blood valuable time to start clotting. If the issue is a broken bone or sprain, duct tape and a few long, hard sticks can make a good splint, and if you need to put your arm in a sling, a long loop of duct tape around your neck (double-sided so it doesn't stick to your skin) and another that runs that length of your arm will immobilize the limb until you reach help.

GET FUELED

Foraging for food is vital for survival. Assuming you're in an urban area, Ramirez says you'll want to stick with packaged foods. Check to make sure the package is still viable by squeezing it. If air comes out, the food has been compromised. And, Ramirez advises, unless you've got a food allergy, a disaster is no time to be a picky eater.

But as a disaster wears on, and even urban supplies run low, food gathering is going to become more basic, says Scott Williams, author of *Bug Out: The Complete Plan for Escaping a Catastrophic Disaster Before It's Too Late*. "Know the basics about plants in your area," Williams says. "Stay clear of mushrooms—they're too risky. And know that plants with a milky sap are probably poisonous."

To play it safe, Williams suggests looking to the inner bark of a tree, which can be roasted over a fire. Likewise, needles from evergreen trees can be boiled to make a tea that's rich in vitamin C. And if you've found cattails (also known as Typha), you've scored, because at least one part of the plant is always edible, depending on the season. Choice parts include the root stalk (late autumn through early spring), the base of the leaves (spring), and the flower (summer).

Long-term, you're going to need protein, and getting your fill won't be as simple as hitting up your butcher. The first rule to being a successful hunter, says Reyes, is thinking like an animal. "All animals need water, so that's where you want to look," Reyes advises.

If you're a good shot and you've got ammo to spare, you can go after bigger game. But just about anyone can take out a smaller animal, like a rat or a squirrel, with a rock and a stick by setting up a deadfall trap. "You suspend the rock with a stick and corral the animal under the rock," Reyes says. "When the stone falls, the animal is done, but you might have to finish him off with a club."

From there, it's just a matter of skinning and cleaning the animal before cooking it. But Reyes cautions that you should check the animal's eyes; if they're cloudy it could indicate disease.

GRAB YOUR GUN

Regardless of your personal political views about guns, when the shit gets real, you're going to want a rifle.

"Rifles are better than handguns because you can hunt and protect yourself, so it has a dual purpose," Reyes says, adding that he prefers a 5.56mm rifle for two reasons. First, the bullet is widely used by NATO, so you've got a good chance of finding the right ammo. Second, the 5.56mm is a lightweight, high-velocity round, which means it's highly effective without a lot of recoil—"perfect for any shooter," Reyes adds.

Of course, having the right rifle won't do you much good if you don't know how to use it. Reyes recommends that you take a course at a local firing range, where you'll learn basic marksmanship, weapon safety, and how to clean your rifle. But after you've learned the basics, the real challenge begins.

"You have to practice," Reyes says. "Shooting is a perishable skill, and under stress you will perform only to your last level of training." But that doesn't mean you have to hit the range all the time. In fact, you don't need to fire a single shot to stay sharp, according to Reyes.

To practice at home, draw a target smaller than a man on a wall (the smaller the target, the tougher the drill). What you're practicing is "presentation," and the idea is to "marry" your sight, which should be in sharp focus, with the blurry target off in the distance. Regularly training your eye to put your sight on-target will help you keep your shooting skills sharp.

BREAK LOOSE

Imagine the aftermath of a disaster. You're scavenging for food and all of a sudden a force of armed men (possibly soldiers or police) detain you. Forget about asking what the charge is or to speak with your lawyer. It ain't gonna happen. What you need to do is escape. Fast.

That's why *Emergency* author Strauss says he learned how to escape from the flex cuffs and tie wraps that are often used in lieu of metal shackles during widespread disasters.

"You can patch anything with duct tape, including a hole in your body," says emergency-medicine specialist Dr. Maurice Ramirez. "It may not be perfectly sterile, but it'll stop the bleeding."

"It's actually pretty easy," Strauss says. "But it helps if you're wearing shoelaces made of paracord [a super strong nylon rope used by U.S. Special Forces]."

The idea is pretty simple. Use a lace to burn through the plastic tie. To do that, you need only remove one lace (easier if your hands are tied in front of your body), tie loops on each end of it, place the length of the lace across the flex cuff, and place your feet in each of the lace loops. By making a bicycle motion with your legs, you create friction, which will eventually disintegrate the flex cuff, allowing you to snap it apart.

NO KEYS, NO PROBLEM

There aren't a lot of disaster scenarios in which a car doesn't come into play. But if you don't have access to a car, and you need wheels pronto, you're going to have to make use of what's handy.

Your first instinct might be to hot-wire a car. But there's an easier way that could save you valuable minutes, and all you need are a screwdriver and a wrench. "Just put the screwdriver in the ignition and use the wrench to turn it," Strauss says. "You'll fuck up the car, but you'll get it going."

It's a pretty foolproof method, but Strauss warns that you're better off sticking to older models because the more electronics in the car, the harder it is to "borrow."

And with lots of abandoned cars cluttering the road, you might think a motorcycle would be easier to get around on. Forget it, Easy Rider. "It's not hard for someone to knock you off a bike, and then you're screwed," Strauss says.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

If you're dealing with a large disaster area, you're going to be in for quite a trek, and it's important to know where you're going and—if possible—what's ahead.

"The key is the high ground," Reyes says. "Get somewhere that's elevated—you'll be able to plot a way out, and you'll be safer because it's easier to see if someone is coming."

Of course, if you happen to have a map and a compass, you're way ahead of the game. With those tools in hand, Reyes suggests orienting the map, which is an almost foolproof method of navigation. To get on-course, simply lay the compass along the north/south lines of the map and turn the map until it lines up with the terrain. From there, you should be able to navigate using major landmarks like rivers and tall buildings (assuming they're still standing).

WHICH LAND IS YOUR LAND?

There are some basic no-brainers that everyone should be aware of when it comes to surviving a disaster. Have cash on hand. Have duplicates of important documents like passports and birth certificates. And have a couple of phone numbers memorized. But, according to Strauss, one thing you might consider is looking into dual citizenship.

"Depending on the disaster, it's possible that some countries will be better off than others, and you'll want to have citizenship lined up elsewhere in case you need it."

If you've got parents or grandparents from other countries, there's a good chance you qualify for dual citizenship, Strauss explains. You should research this immediately. But even if your U.S. heritage runs deep, there are countries that will take you in if you buy land there. Which is exactly what Strauss did in St. Kitts.

TEAMING UP

Unless you're a military commando, you probably won't get very far on your own. But teaming up with other survivors after a disaster can be a dicey proposition. "You've got to look at everyone as a potential threat," Reyes says. "If you come across other people, there could be an opportunity there. But you have to operate from a position of strength."

According to Reyes, that means leaving nothing to chance when you set up a meeting. "Observe them to gather intelligence and establish their routines," he advises. "After that, sneak into their camp and leave a note directing them to meet you at a specific time and place of your choosing. But get to the meeting place first, and make sure that you have an escape plan if you don't like what you see."

DOWN, BOY!

Sex should be the last thing on your mind in a disaster, but if you get the urge or the opportunity, Ramirez offers this advice: "Don't do it. You don't know who's about to get sick, and sex, or even kissing, will spread diseases that can be fatal in a disaster."

So if by some chance you've managed to save a total hottie, wait until you've made it to safety to get it on.

MORALE BOOST

It probably *will* be the last thing on your mind when the world goes to hell, but if you can remember to grab some laminated photos of loved ones, you'll be a lot better off, says Reyes.

"It may not sound like much, but pictures of the people you love can help you keep your sanity, and that will help you make good decisions and save your life."

SAFE AT HOME

Facing a possible home invasion—or worse—you'll need all your strength, skills, and some of these everyday household items.

By Ben Thompson • Illustrations by Chris Philpot

It's fun to read about the face-crushing exploits of hard-core badasses, but every once in a while (i.e., when the teeming hordes of murderous ex-KGB ninja pirate assassins finally track you down) it might be necessary to bust out a couple of ass-kicking tricks of your own. With that in mind, here are some ways to turn your plain old stuff into weapons.

THE LIVING ROOM

This is a main point of entry for anyone with a keen eye for smashing your front door into splinters with a steel-toed boot, and is literally packed with dangerous items you can use to get the upper hand in any life-or-death situation. As is generally the case with most self-defense scenarios, your first objective should be to close in on the hit man before he can use his gun to bring the battle to a swift and unfortunate conclusion. The best way to accomplish this none-too-easy task would be to fling some kind of dangerous and/or skull-smashingly heavy object at him. Laptops, remote controls, heavy lamps, and Xbox controllers can all be used to stun or disorient your assailant, while whiskey glasses or beer bottles can double as either flying shrapnel grenades or pointy shanks worthy of any maximum-security penitentiary yard. Once you've got your enemy's attention, you can work him over with a fireplace poker to the groin, or harness your inner rock star by swinging a guitar around like it's an out-of-tune Louisville slugger.

Bonus Points: Body slamming the dude through your coffee table—especially a glass one.

THE BATHROOM

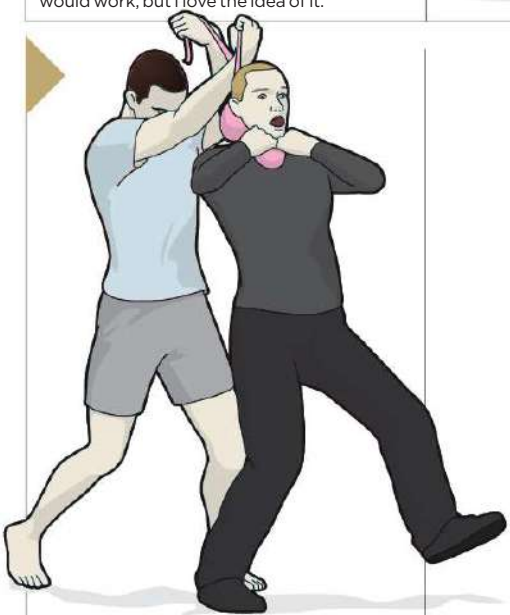
Nobody wants to die with his pants around his ankles, so you'd better be ready to fight back in the can, which is obviously a prime spot for being ambushed. One advantage to engaging in hand-to-hand combat in the bathroom is that many ultradangerous items are easily within reach. The nonbusiness end of a toothbrush or a can of shaving cream can be forcibly inserted into your enemy's eyes, and razor blades are a time-honored method of neck-slashing. It's also relatively simple to use the latrine's surroundings to your advantage by driving your attacker's head into the mirror, the toilet, or the built-in soap dish in the shower, smashing his face into porcelain destruction with enough force to crack a coconut. If you have a few seconds to prepare, MacGyvering together a makeshift blowtorch using an aerosol can and an open flame is a pretty hard-core way to melt an evildoer's face—provided, of course, that you aren't using a flower-scented candle for the open flame. That would be totally lame.

Bonus Points: Clubbing your foe into submission by swinging a plunger like a medieval mace. It may not be especially painful, but it's definitely humiliating.

THE KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Regardless of the square footage, the kitchen is a tremendous chunk of real estate when you're talking about home defense. This is, of course, largely because you're completely surrounded by cutlery ranging in size from shivlike steak knives to meat cleavers that are more akin to Viking battle-axes than anything remotely resembling a utilitarian food-preparation implement. But while the easily accessible knife block is the obvious solution when Illuminati agents start rushing into your kitchen to drag you off to their underground lair, there is, as they say, more than one way to skin a Templar. For starters, don't forget about the other utensils—jamming a fork or a corkscrew in the eye and twisting can be just as painful as any slashing wound, while tenderizing faces with a giant wooden mallet offers a certain satisfaction all to itself. You can also use hot coffee or boiling water to fend off attacks.

Bonus Points: Killing or incapacitating someone with bacon. I have no idea how this would work, but I love the idea of it.



THE BEDROOM

Not everyone keeps a large-caliber firearm, a fragmentation grenade, or a well-polished samurai sword on or near the nightstand. If some crazy commie-Nazi lumberjack commando rappels in through the window of your apartment unexpectedly, you'll need to get your shit together quickly and find an alternate method of fucking this dude apart with the realness. If you have a large, heavy flashlight by the bed (which, by the way, is always a good idea just from a general home-preparedness standpoint), you can crack a skull or two with it, and a solid throat-strike with an alarm clock or a hardcover book can easily crush a windpipe. You can also try rolling up a back issue of *Penthouse* and using it Jason Bourne–style to fend off a knife-wielding maniac, but it would be kind of a shame to ruin a perfectly good magazine that way.

Bonus Points: Choking a dude with a bra. Double bonus points if you don't remember whose bra it is.

THE GARAGE

This should be rife with badass weaponry at your disposal. Depending on how hard-core you are about making trips to Home Depot, the garage could be literally covered with diabolical instruments so pointy and menacing that it makes some of those pussy-ass Spanish Inquisition torture chambers look like inflatable bounce houses at a six-year-old's birthday party. The classic gas-powered chain saw is the obvious choice, but there's also something inherently badass about impaling someone with a pneumatic nail gun at close range. If you prefer a more manual approach, you can always grab shovels, hammers, screwdrivers, or hedge clippers. Dousing enemies with lighter fluid or gasoline and throwing a match at them is also an effective deterrent.

Bonus Points: Decapitating someone by throwing a circular-saw or table-saw blade as if it's a ninja star.

THE HOME OFFICE

Paper cuts, while inordinately painful, aren't going to be eviscerating any villainous goons any time soon, so when you're under fire in your home office you'll need to bust out the heavy artillery. The first thing you'll want to do is flip the desk and use it for cover. File cabinets may provide some protection against gunfire, and as an added bonus they can be pushed on top of your foes. Once these foes are within striking distance, letter openers, scissors, ballpoint pens, and No. 2 pencils are the right size, length, and pointiness to be jammed up the nostrils and into the brain (as long as you're not squeamish about stabbing people in the brain). Fax machines, printers, and heavy paperweights are perfect for inflicting some good old-fashioned blunt-force trauma, and USB cables and power cords can be adapted as improvised strangulation devices.

Bonus Points: Plucking out someone's eyeball with a staple remover, which is the perfect size for the task.

BULLETS, BLADES, AND

Fortunately, we live in a country where even the least celebrated among us can arm himself to the teeth with little to fear from Big Brother, and the variety of weapons available is almost limitless.

BENELLI M4 TACTICAL SHOTGUN

$1,799 to $1,919 • BenelliUSA.com

If it's good enough for the Marines, the M4 ought to be good enough for anyone. This 12-gauge autoloader with pistol grip or standard stock will come in handy whether you get jumped by bad guys or an elephant—or if you just want to blow an old appliance to shreds. The 4+1 magazine comes standard, but if that seems a little skimpy, optional seven-round tubes are available. The M4 boasts a Picatinny rail for optics, an adjustable ghost-ring rear sight, and a fixed-blade front sight. It's light and easy to carry—with a barrel that's just 18.5 inches, an overall length of just a hair more than three feet, and a weight of 7.8 pounds—but it packs one hell of a punch. Comes in either Black Synthetic or Desert Camo.

INFERNO PEPPER SPRAY

$11 to $60 • ColdSteel.com

Proving they can do more than just cut (see the Laredo Bowie at right), Cold Steel offers this superpowered pepper spray that the company promises will turn even the biggest thug into "helpless molten wax at your feet." The spray is actually a foam made of eight percent oleoresin capsicum (the heat behind the habanero pepper) and two percent black pepper that dissolves into liquid on contact, making it virtually impossible to wipe off. The incredibly fine particles—blasted out with high-end aerosol propellant—cause a whole host of wonderfully debilitating effects, including temporary blindness, choking, coughing, sneezing, and swollen nose, throat, and lungs. Still, it won't blister skin or permanently burn the corneas, and it's noncarcinogenic. It comes in a variety of sizes, from a pen-shaped quarter-ounce to one nearly the size of a beer can. Some ordering restrictions may apply.

ARMALITE AR-10 A4 CARBINE

$1,557 • ArmaLite.com

This American-made 7.62-mm semiautomatic is lightweight and has a compact configuration and major stopping power. The Illinois-based manufacturer claims that a newly improved feeding, extraction, and ejection system means "no other heavy carbine can compare." All ArmaLites feature a clamping gas block that allows the removable front sight to rotate to zero, ensuring the rear sight is centered. The finish is anodized aluminum on the upper and lower receiver and the barrel is manganese phosphated steel. It comes with one 10-round magazine, one 20-round magazine, and a lifetime warranty—which is not something the guy on the other end is going to have to worry about.

BLASTERS

Even the biggest badass knows that avoiding violent encounters is the best move in almost any circumstance. Still, there's no harm in being prepared.

By William Spain

LAREDO BOWIE

$600 • ColdSteel.com

Under the proprietorship of legendary martial artist and self-defense expert Lynn C. Thompson, Cold Steel has built a reputation for offering some of the world's finest edged weapons; the Laredo Bowie is top of the line. At just under 16 inches—ten and a half of them blade—this knife blends the classic American Frontier style with the best of modern steel to create a perfectly balanced, ultratough weapon. It sports a four-and-a-half-inch sharpened clip point and cuts backward as well as forward. The polished black Micarta (a high-pressure laminate) handle is contoured to fit the hand and provide a superior grip. As a bonus, the guard and integral bolster are forged out of a single piece of brass.

Cold Steel also offers Safe Keepers, state-of-the-art push knives, which are small enough to tuck into a pocket or a boot, razor sharp, and strong enough to cut like much larger knives. The double-edged Safe Keeper II ($60) has a three-and-three-quarter-inch blade, while the single-edged III ($50) has a mere two-and-a-half-inch business end. Both have Japanese-made stainless-steel blades and handles made of shock-absorbing Kraton polymer.

DESERT EAGLE MARK XIX PISTOL

$1,563 to $2,112 • MagnumResearch.com

This superb line of handguns offers a wide variety of calibers (.50, .44, and .357) and barrel sizes (six- and ten-inch). Often billed as "the world's most powerful handgun," the standard model has a nine-round magazine and weighs less than five pounds. (A teacup-size "micro" version holds six bullets and weighs just 14 ounces.) The semiautomatic Desert Eagle has relatively low recoil for its power and comes in a variety of cool colors, from simple black to tiger stripes to a brushed chrome finish with 24-karat-gold trimmings.

TASER C2

$350 • iTaser.com

When you absolutely positively have to juice someone, the Taser C2 is the way to go. While lacking the range of the company's law-enforcement-only models, this compact handheld stunner delivers an incapacitating 30-second pulse from 15 feet away—or on direct contact. It uses compressed nitrogen to fire two small probes that can punch through two inches of clothing. A laser sighting system improves accuracy, and an integrated LED light will nicely illuminate your unfortunate target. The battery is strong enough for more than 50 uses and comes in five cheerful colors. But tasers are illegal in seven states, so check restrictions before ordering.

netbang

The girls had shared a dressing room at this lingerie store many times in the past, but Bella's new fishnets have Blaire thinking of only one thing: ravaging every inch of her friend's ravishing curves—immediately. Luckily, Bella is just as intrigued by Blaire's beautiful catsuit. Now if only they can manage to sate their lusty appetites without getting caught by a salesclerk. Although there is one really cute redhead out there ...

Photographs by Cassandra Lee

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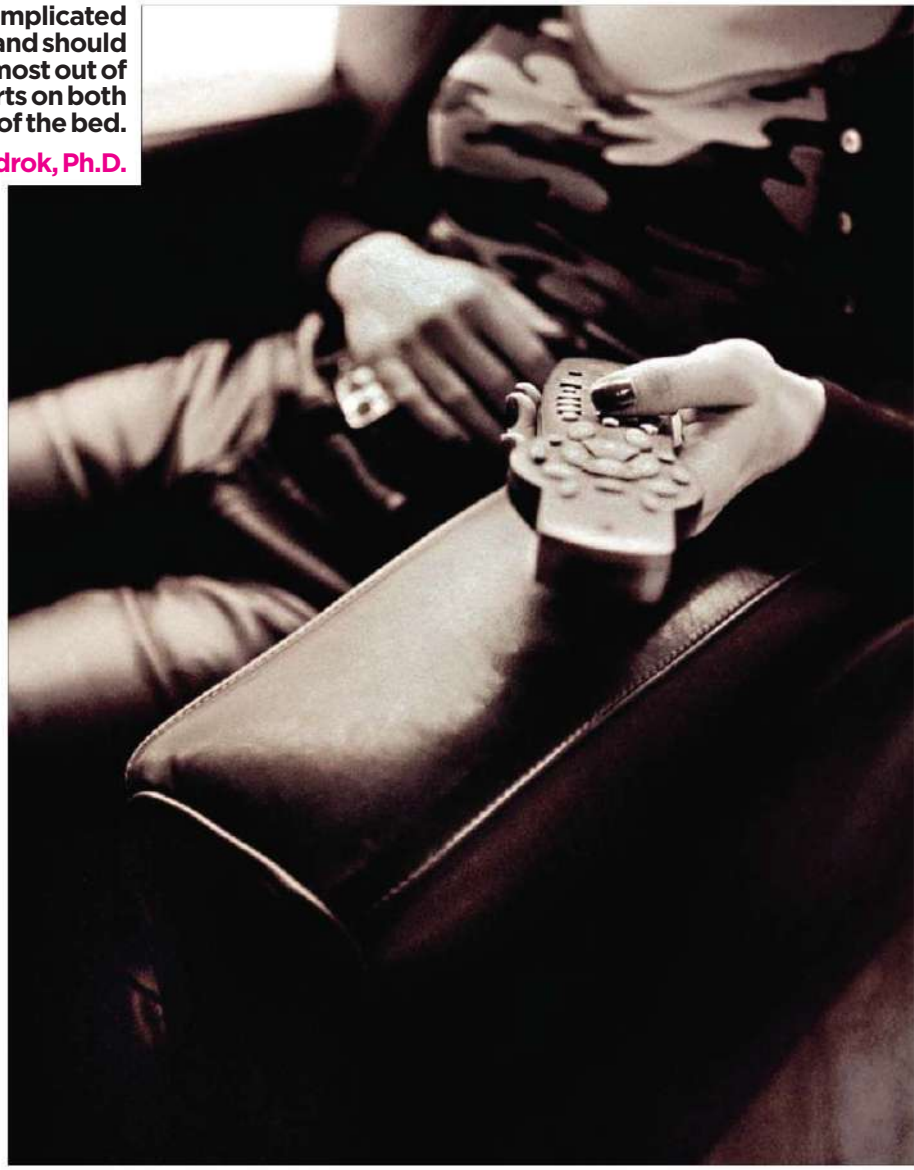
SEE MORE OF BELLA AND BLAIRE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.



SHE LIKES TO WATCH

I recently asked my boyfriend if we could watch porn together. I thought it would be hot, but the question made him really uncomfortable. He told me it doesn't work that way for him, that the whole point of porn is so he can imagine himself having sex with other women, and that it defeats its purpose if I'm there. I'm not one of those women who thinks that using porn is a form of cheating—I know it serves a physiological need—but his reluctance to share this part of his life (or even humor me just once) has me puzzled. Does he need a stronger nudge, or should I leave this alone?

The Downs side: I think it's awesome that you want to watch porn with him. But everyone deserves privacy.

Porn serves many needs. Sometimes, it's an easy aid to masturbation. Maybe you think it would be nice to rub one out, but you're not aroused yet. Rather than take the time to get worked up using your imagination, you look at some porn and you're on the fast track.

I agree that watching porn isn't cheating. It's a way to feed the need for sexual expansion while staying comfortably monogamous—to have your cake and eat it, too. But for some porn dogs, it's all about multiplicity. Porn gives them the ability to see thousands of different people fucking without the hassle of setting up thousands of sexual encounters in real life. For others, it's mostly about filling a gap. For example, a guy might be happily married to a woman who doesn't share his fondness for anal sex, so he watches anal porn to compensate. In some cases it allows people to flirt with edgy sex—things they might not enjoy doing for real, but are fun to see on-screen.

There are also differences in how men relate to porn while they're watching it. Some get fully absorbed in fantasy, imagining how his own dick would feel in that pussy. Others are more voyeuristic; they're aroused by the visual stimuli, but don't project themselves into the scene.

In any case, porn preferences are personal and private. Letting someone else in on your porn life can feel too close for comfort, especially if it's someone with whom you're intimate in every other way.

That's not to say that couples shouldn't go there. Many do, and it can be rewarding. Your boyfriend may indeed need only a little nudge to get past his inhibition. You might try setting up an incident where he "accidentally" walks in on you diddling yourself to a video. Invite him to stay and join in. I think he would be hard put to refuse.

But handle this with care. Porn can tickle your insecurities as well as your fancy. For example, if he wanted to watch *Scale Bustin' Babes,* would you accept it without question, or would you demand to know if he thinks you're fat? And if you were to swoon over a porn dude's gigantic schlong, might he lose confidence in his adequacy?

When you watch porn with company, differences are likely to arise over what cranks your motor or grosses you out. You might be annoyed to hear, "Oh, yeah, that's hot," when you're thinking *yuck.* And it's embarrassing to have a raging boner when someone else is saying,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (SHE LIKES TO WATCH) STEVE PREZANT/CORBIS, (BARE NAKED LADY) JUNIORS BILDARCHIV/ALAMY

GET YOUR OWN PORN AND LET HIM WALK IN ON YOU WATCHING IT. HE MAY BE UNABLE TO RESIST JOINING IN.

"*Eww,* that's so wrong!"

Weigh the potential upside against the risks of opening the door on your boyfriend's private domain of porn, and if it seems worth it, go ahead and nudge. If not, let him continue to enjoy his "gentleman's time."

The Pet doctor: For many people, porn is a way to get lost in fantasy and engage in masturbation. That experience is best served as a solitary dish. That's why it's called autoeroticism or self-love. It doesn't mean your boyfriend doesn't love you or is not into you. It's just that, once in a while, he might feel like screwing some unreal sex object, like your typical porn star, without having to worry about what you think about the nasty acts he's watching and enjoying.

In a typical porn video, there is minimal foreplay (which is probably not the way you would like it), the actresses all have multiple screaming orgasms (which are often faked), and the guys last forever (which your boyfriend only dreams of doing). That's why such sex scenes should be left to fantasy.

I wouldn't push him to share that experience with you. After all, relationships are not about totally submerging our individuality. It's okay to leave some portion of our sexuality unshared, particularly our fantasies. Some days I, too, just feel like getting off by myself, whether triggered by porn or my own fantasies, without anyone watching or participating or assisting me. It's quicker, easier, and, well, cleaner.

If you still want to use porn as a way of spicing up sex with your boyfriend, I'm on the same page as Martin: Get your own porn and let him walk in on you watching it. He may be unable to resist joining in.

JUST LIKE NEW

Lately, my husband's penis hasn't been doing it for me, but he's not the problem. I think that having three children has loosened me up and I'm not sure what to do about it. He hasn't complained, but I've been looking into vaginal reduction/rejuvenation. Is it safe, and how do I find a good doctor to perform the procedure?

The Downs side: You probably don't need surgery. It's quite common for women to notice some vaginal looseness after giving birth, and also as they get older. Many people mistakenly assume that the vagina itself gets stretched out. That's not the problem. The vagina can stretch a lot without losing its shape.

What makes a vagina tight are the pelvic-floor muscles that wrap around and support it. The weaker the muscles, the looser the grip. Weak pelvic-floor muscles can be caused by the extreme stresses of pregnancy and childbirth or hormonal changes that occur with age. But you can strengthen and condition them with exercises called Kegels.

To begin, put a finger or dildo in your vagina and squeeze it so you can feel which muscles to work on. To do Kegels, contract these muscles for a few seconds, relax, and do it again. Do a set of ten at least three times a day. The benefits of Kegels go beyond tightness. Strong pelvic-floor muscles heighten sexual sensation, lead to more intense orgasms, and help prevent incontinence later in life.

"Vaginal rejuvenation" is a marketing term invented by cosmetic surgeons that sometimes refers to reshaping the labia. Some surgeons advertise "vaginal tightening" surgery, but it's not always clear what that entails. One surgeon might cut out part of your vagina to make it narrower. Another might take some slack out of your pelvic-floor muscles by shortening them.

Your husband might notice a difference from a nip and tuck, but you say he's not complaining. What you want is for sex to feel like it used to, and it's hard to say if surgery would do that for you. As to whether or not these operations are safe, the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists advises against them because no one knows how safe or effective they are.

The Pet doctor: Vaginal deliveries can stretch and loosen the muscles in the vaginal canal to the point where many women report a loss of sexual pleasure during intercourse (although I cannot personally attest to this because I've had two Caesarian sections). In my opinion, the vaginal-rejuvenation procedure is quite safe, and it's popular these days, with laser options available. The vaginoplasty surgery tightens the vaginal walls, reinforces vaginal support muscles and connective tissue, and tightens the vaginal opening.

Your OB-GYN can probably recommend a cosmetic gynecologist. However, before you subject your vagina to the knife, try Kegeling, as Martin suggested. I feel you should Kegel regularly several times per day, in sets of 10 to 20, to achieve measurable benefits.

Meanwhile, try positions that will maximize tightness. Just have your hubby put his legs outside yours once he has achieved deep penetration in your favorite position and you'll increase the friction. Also, try having him wear a French-tickler condom to enhance your sensations and his—they are deliciously kinky!

BARE NAKED LADY

After having a spa day with her friends, my wife came home and told me she had a surprise for me. Later, when we were getting ready to have sex, she revealed her newly stripped pussy. I tried to hide my disappointment, but I'm not one of those guys who goes for the shaved look. I know that's the thing in porn, but I can't help the fact that I like a little grass on my playing field. I'd even settle for a tiny landing strip, but she's adamant about keeping her muff completely hairless. Next thing she'll be after me to shave my balls. Is there some way we can compromise?

The Pet doctor: It's not clear from your letter whether your wife shaved or waxed her pussy or whether she underwent laser hair removal to achieve a permanently bare snatch. If the latter is the case, say good-bye to any "grass." If she simply shaved or waxed it, the hairs will inevitably grow back in and you can try again to negotiate a landing strip of sorts.

I keep my clit and labia hairless as it increases their sensitivity and keeps those pesky hairs out of my partner's throat, but I do like a little grass higher up on my mons pubis. I like to shave it in the shape of a "V" for Victoria, or a heart for special occasions.

Maybe you can convince her of the benefits of changing her crotch coiffure from time to time to reflect her mood, as change is the key to continued excitement. Or you can offer to shave her in the shape that most turns you on, or ask her to do it as an anniversary gift. After all, a pussy that turns you on is a gift that keeps on giving.

The Downs side: Guys whom I've talked with about the pubic-hair question tend to say the same things. Those who are pro-bush say it bothers them that totally hairless women look

like prepubescent girls. In the other camp are those who are grossed out by body hair in general, and view a hairy muff the same way as they would hairy legs and armpits. I think there may be a silent majority of guys who like to see some hair down there, but I expect that most of them prefer neatly trimmed over wild and wooly.

Your letter also goes to show that not every wax job is done at the bidding of a husband or boyfriend. Women have their own reasons for going hairless, so it would help you to understand why your wife is so jazzed about her depilated mons pubis. I'll suggest a few likely reasons.

1. It makes her feel sexy. Looking like a porn star might make her feel like one, just as getting a tattoo might make you feel like a badass. Years ago, most decent American ladies didn't wax their pussies. Babes in thongs on hot Brazilian beaches did. Girls who fucked or stripped for money did. Of course, that has changed, but the whiff of the exotic and sordid that lingers around shaving or waxing is still good for a mild thrill.

Compared with a hairy one, a bald pussy is naked. It's all there to look at: clit, labia, bumps, and wrinkles. Baring it all can pack a potent erotic charge.

2. It feels good. A full bush insulates the vulva, and without it, the skin is more sensitive to the touch. That's irritating to some, but sensuous to others. Some women say that cunnilingus feels better after a shave or wax. Your wife might be noticing that. She might also love the sensation of silk panties caressing her bare labia all day.

3. It's the "in" thing. Pubic hair is subject to the whims of fashion. Perhaps all your wife's girlfriends wax it bare, and she was embarrassed to be the last one sporting a pelt.

So what's a hair-loving man to do? You could hope for the bush to make a comeback. Some say the tide is turning already, although we may never see a return to the untamed pubes of the 1970s.

Your problem may solve itself yet another way. Keeping up the hairless look takes a lot of time and effort. If your wife's zeal for it wanes over time, her beaver may reappear. If circumstances force a compromise, take turns: for this many weeks, she keeps it smooth; and for an equal time after, she keeps it furry. As for your hairy balls, you'd better start sleeping with one eye open.

MORNING GLORY

I always wake up horny, and I love morning sex. When my girlfriend and I moved in together I just assumed we'd be on the same page about a good fuck being the best way to start the day. Unfortunately, she doesn't share my enthusiasm. She'd rather sleep until the last possible minute, then rush around getting ready for work. After my last attempt at trying to get a little somethin' started at sunrise, she told me to "fuck off," which was exactly what I was trying to do. How can I get her to appreciate an eye-opening round of sex first thing in the morning?

The Downs side: I've always thought that morning sex was a Hollywood cliché. In the movies, you wake up with your lover in an airy bedroom, the sheets artfully entwined around your sunlit bodies. A good-morning kiss leads to passionate smooching, and then you make sweet love.

In real life, you wake in a Dutch oven, squinting through one puffy eye at glowing hieroglyphs on the little box that won't stop beeping as you try to grasp what it means, while someone elbows your ribs. Then you lurch to the bathroom to relieve the enormous pressure on your bladder, only to stand at the toilet for ten minutes waiting for your priapic erection to go away so you can pee.

I take it your mornings aren't like that. How very nice for you. But don't expect your bedmate to be so chipper. If you must try to get laid in the morning, for chrissakes, wait for the weekend.

Here's what to do: Bounce out of bed on Saturday and take a bracing five-mile run. Shower, brush your teeth, and gargle. As dawn breaks, make coffee and eggs with a side of fresh fruit. Take it on a tray to the bedroom. Wake your girlfriend gently by wafting hot coffee under her nose. Lie in bed while she has breakfast and surfs the web. Don't speak unless spoken to. After she thanks you for the lovely breakfast, it's time to make your move.

If that doesn't work, you'll have to settle for the second-best way to start the day—a good wank.

The Pet doctor: Many men get raging hard-ons at the crack of dawn because male testosterone peaks in the morning. But I agree with Martin and your girlfriend when it comes to morning sex, particularly on weekdays. I'm like Garfield the cat—"I don't do mornings." And my pussy is also in full accord with that fat, lazy kitty. There is something utterly unerotic to me about morning breath, bed hair, the jarring alarm, the sobering bright sunlight, and the long day ahead.

Personally, I like to stay up late at night, sometimes well into the wee hours, so I usually sleep in until the very last second. When I do get up, I'm frazzled, annoyed, and already late. If your girlfriend is anything like me, no amount of coaxing, begging, imploring, or foreplay will bring her out of her deep, comatose sleep and onto your erect cock. And even if you do manage to pry her legs open and jam it in, the experience will be like fucking a blow-up doll—without much enthusiasm or movement.

Your options are: masturbation, sublimation, or delayed gratification. Opt for some self-love, a cold shower, or save it till the weekend or the evening. For many of us, it's a much better time to have sex—by candlelight, after a nice bath and a glass of wine, with a Penthouse porno playing.

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

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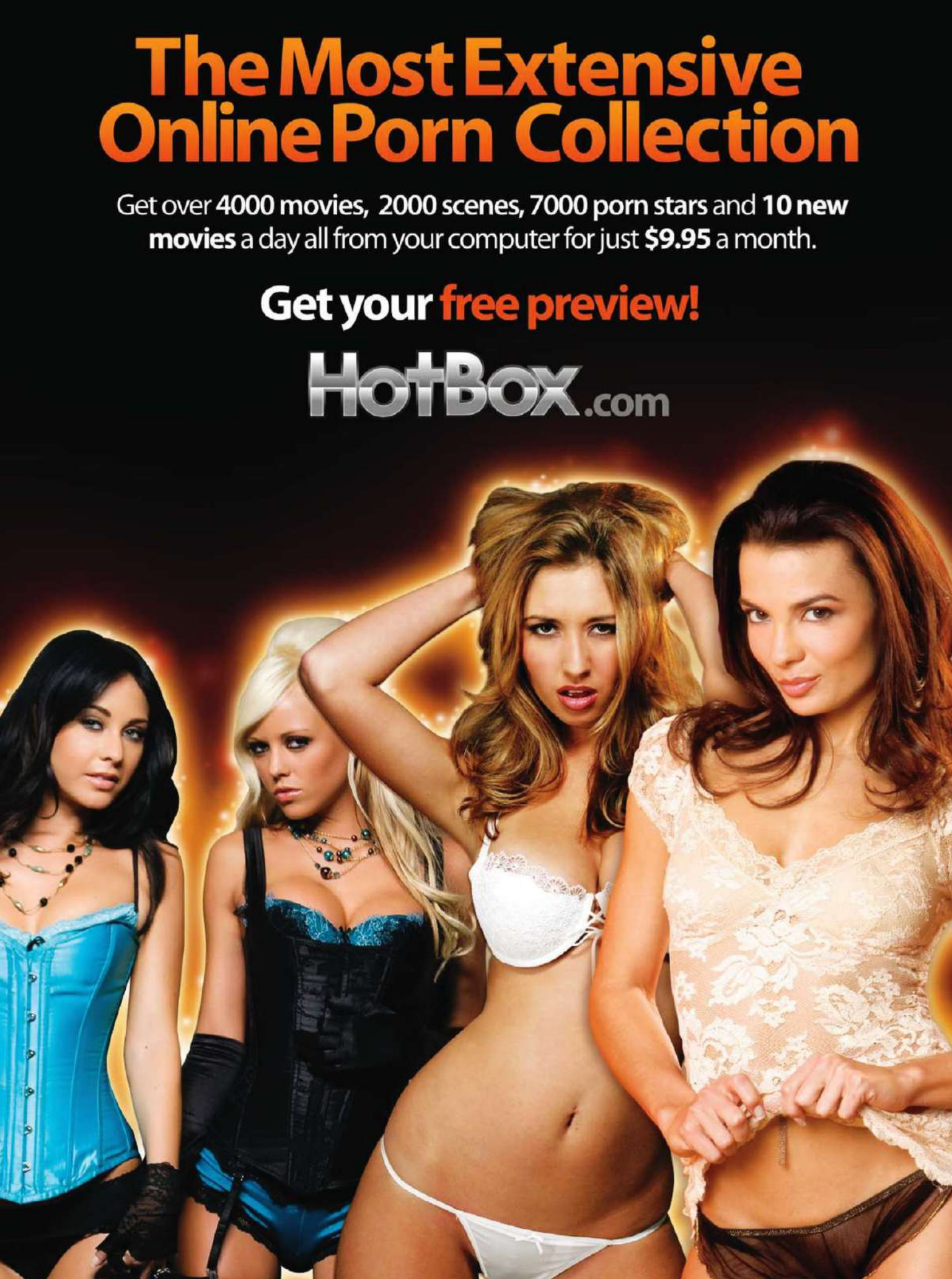

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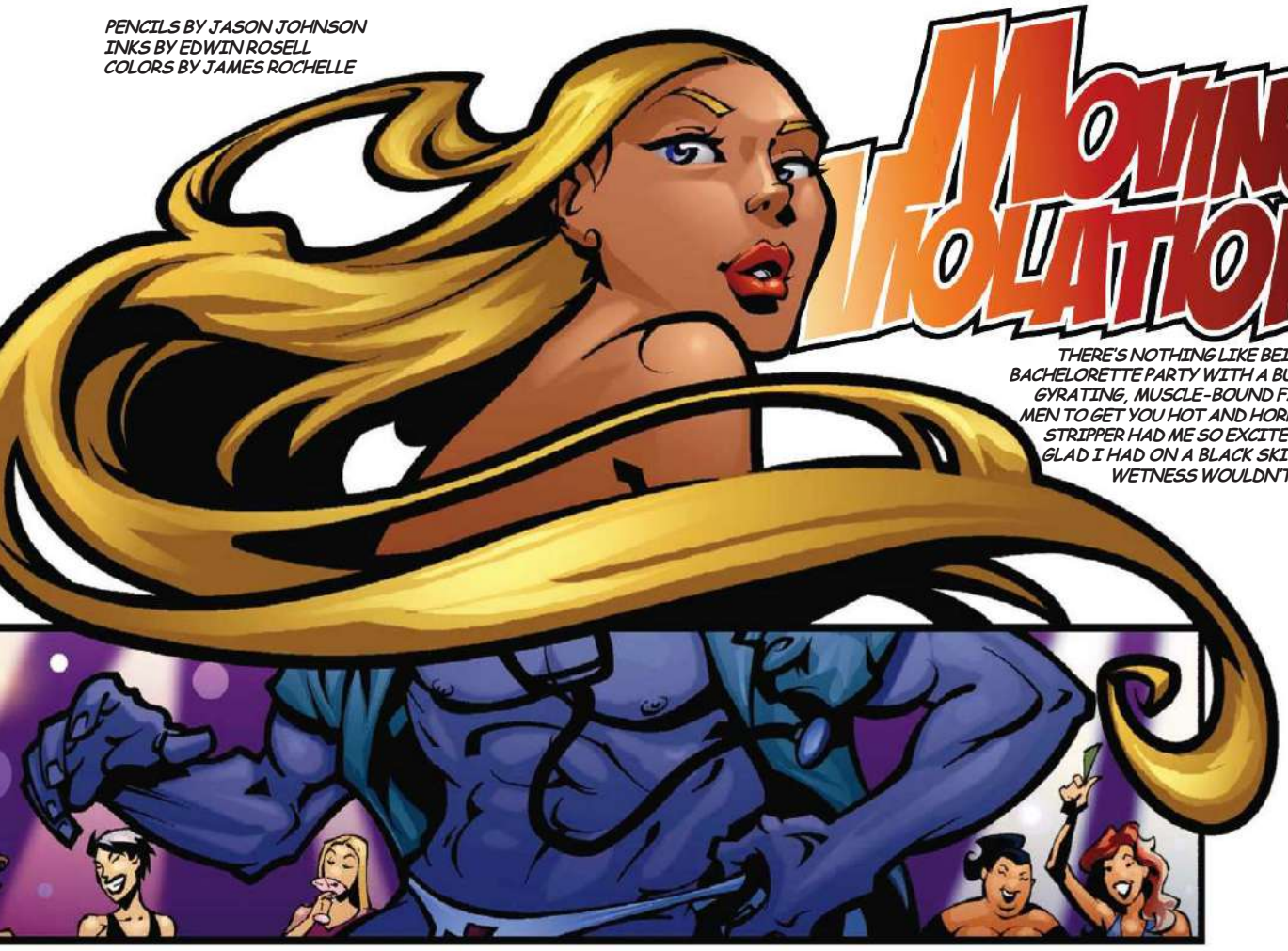
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

MOVING VIOLATION

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BEING AT A BACHELORETTE PARTY WITH A BUNCH OF GYRATING, MUSCLE-BOUND FANTASY MEN TO GET YOU HOT AND HORNY. ONE STRIPPER HAD ME SO EXCITED I WAS GLAD I HAD ON A BLACK SKIRT. THE WETNESS WOULDN'T SHOW.



HE WAS BEAUTIFUL, BUT WHEN HE INVITED ME TO JOIN HIM AFTER THE SHOW, I DECLINED. THE GIFT BETWEEN MY LEGS BELONGS ONLY TO MY BOYFRIEND, ZACK.

I SAID GOOD NIGHT TO MY FRIENDS, GOT INTO MY CAR, AND HEADED HOME TO ZACK.
MY PUSSY WAS ON FIRE AS I RACED ALONG A DESERTED BACK ROAD.
WHEN I HEARD THE SIREN, I THOUGHT MY LUCK HAD RUN OUT.
BUT IT WAS ONLY ZACK.
Please keep your hands on the wheel, miss.
Yes, baby.
Patricia, do you realize you were speeding?
It's just that I'm so horny. If I don't get home and get some dick soon I just might die!
Can't have that. I'll need you to step out of the car so I can verify your statement.

WHEN HE ORDERED ME TO STRIP, I WONDERED ABOUT HIS METHODS.
WHILE HE TESTED MY NIPPLE, I DID A LITTLE TESTING OF MY OWN.
THEN HE CHECKED MY SWOLLEN CUNT.
Your pussy feels wet enough to belong to a horny woman, but I have to check it out.
It looks horny.
Mmm. Tastes horny, too.
But the only way I can be sure is to fuck it.
Fuck it, Officer.

ZACK RODE ME LIKE I WAS A WILD MARE HE WAS BENT ON TAMING, POUNDING ME WITH ALL EIGHT INCHES OF HIS MANHOOD UNTIL MY PUSSY TREMBLED WITH THE IMPACT OF OUR COMBINED ORGASMS.
You're free to go this time, Trish, but watch the speed limit.
Yes, Zack.
I HOPPED IN MY CAR, AND AS SOON AS I WAS OUT OF ZACK'S SIGHT, I SPED HOME.
WHEN HE ARRIVED, I WAS WAITING, READY TO ADMINISTER MY OWN SPECIAL HORNINESS TEST.
THE END

million dollar babe

She's cute, she's curvy, and she has a mean jab. This sweetheart of the sweet science pulls no punches.

By Eric Danville • Photographs by Shaun Goodrich and James Hickey

Hollie "Hotstuff" Dunaway in action with Cheree Heuer

WBA
WBC

It used to be that the only woman in a boxing ring was the ring-card girl. While we're happy to say that that tradition is alive and well—and the girls are as beautiful and scantily clad as ever—women's boxing has become an increasingly popular and profitable side of the industry. Hollie "Hotstuff" Dunaway is one reason why.

The Van Buren, Arkansas, native became a professional boxer in 2003 at the age of 18—two weeks after throwing her first punch and without ever having fought an amateur bout—when a slot opened up on an undercard match in Memphis. Hollie lost by second-round TKO to the more seasoned Melissa Shaffer, but made up for it a few weeks later, knocking out Jayde Chafardon nine seconds after the starting bell.

Most fighters would have been thrilled to even up their record—not to mention to rack up their first professional win. But for Hollie, that victory was less than satisfying. "It felt too easy," she says in a slow and sexy Southern drawl. "I'd been boxing about a month and a half by then. I had worked really hard in the gym, and nobody got to see it."

People saw plenty of Hollie over the next two years. She won 14 of her next 15 fights, chalking up nine knockouts. She also managed to avenge her debut loss to Shaffer by unanimous decision when she fought in defense of her Women's International Boxing Association Minimumweight belt. (She's also held the North American Boxing Federation Flyweight title, and world-title belts for WIBA Strawweight, Women's International Boxing Federation–Global Boxing Union Strawweight, and Women's International Boxing Council Strawweight. After seven years as a pro, her record stands at 23-8-1.)

Hollie's physical stats are equally impressive: The petite powerhouse stands five feet tall, with a rock-solid 34-23-34 figure, and lays claim to a 63-inch armspan, making her one of the rare fighters whose reach is greater than their height. She weighs just 102 pounds, but goes up to as much as 118 if necessary to qualify in any of four different weight classes, which gives her more opportunities to fight.

Six months after she began fighting, Hollie signed with a small Arkansas modeling agency, occasionally working as a bikini

MAKEUP BY STEVEE WOODWARD

"During the prefight stare-down, I look my opponent in the eyes. I don't look at them crazy or anything—I'm professional about it—but 90 percent of the girls I fight will not look me in the eyes. I'm not scary-looking, but they're still too scared."

"A lot of people underestimate me because I'm cute and I'm little and they never expect what comes out of me when I get in the ring. I fight in girlie outfits, probably the girliest in the world. I always fight in red or pink and a skirt or a dress. Last time I had a tutu under my skirt. It was seriously cute!"

model. The opportunities were few and far between in her rural town, however, and Hollie put modeling on hold when her boxing career took off—until boxing took her to Las Vegas. After she'd gotten settled in Sin City, she met photographer Shaun Goodrich, who asked Hollie to try her hand, so to speak, at nude modeling. Hollie was game. "I'd been to a few nudist colonies and nudist resorts in Florida," she says with a laugh. "I went with my whole family. When I was growing up, my mom was always walking around the house naked. It's just natural for us. I'm 100 percent confident about my body. It doesn't bother me to be nude in front of millions of people."

Despite the Native-American beauty's natural charms, boxing fans sometimes question her decision to bare all. "Not everybody agrees with nude modeling because not everybody's as comfortable with their body as I am," she says. "I read what people are saying in online forums, but I never chime in, no matter how much it upsets me. I just let 'em talk. If someone says something bad, I've got enough fans who'll stick up for me. This is the way I came out of my momma and into this world. I don't see the big sin in posing nude. I work hard for my body." Like most fighters, Hollie promotes herself as a serious sports figure, striking classic poses, kicking ass in the ring, and showing off her belts. She's just not afraid to market herself as a fun-loving sex symbol as well.

Hollie's modeling portfolio boasts some decidedly steamy pictures for fans with all sorts of tastes. Men who like their women curvy and feminine can see her pouting in a bubble bath or rocking a gold lamé bikini. She does some serious flexing for men who like their ladies muscular and lean. A playful and teasing Hollie appeared in a modified prison jumpsuit, complete with prisoner number (6969) and handcuffs. Add in a series of videos in which she demonstrates body-shaping exercises, gets body-painted, and lives out a schoolgirl fantasy, and you have one hard-hitting knockout. "Boxing and modeling are two different things that I love, and I'm good at both," she says with her characteristic confidence. "Most female boxers can't do it, because most of them look like men."

Boxing and modeling require her to be in top shape, so Hollie trains like the true champion she is. She does four hours of road work, conditioning,

and strength training a day, four to five days a week, to keep herself in fighting shape, which keeps her more than ready for modeling. And Hollie has found that both endeavors have a mental aspect as well. "During a photo shoot there aren't that many people around, so it's not as nerve-racking as boxing, even though you have to suck in your gut and worry about how you look," she says. "But when you're boxing, you're worried about looks, too, except you're not worried about how your body or your face looks; you're worried about how your punches look and how the fight looks to the judges. You're still out there trying to impress people, the same as at a photo shoot. You've got thousands of people with all their attention focused on you."

As serious as she is about her sport, Hollie loves to show the crowd that she's all woman. In fact, sometimes in the ring the only thing orthodox about her is her stance. As she tells us, "A lot of people underestimate me because I'm cute and I'm little and they never expect what comes out of me when I get in the ring. I come out to the Donna Summer song 'Hot Stuff.' I think I'm the only fighter who comes out to that. I fight in some girlie, girlie outfits, probably the girliest in the world. I always fight in red or pink and a skirt or a dress. Last time I had a tutu under my skirt. It was seriously cute!"

Once the opening bell sounds, though, Hollie puts her training to the test. "I fight with my head in the ring," she explains. "During the prefight stare-down, I look my opponent in the eyes. I don't look at them crazy or anything—I'm professional about it—but 90 percent of the girls I fight will not look me in the eyes. I don't know what it is. I'm not scary-looking, but they're still too scared." Which is why Hollie can now add "badass" to her long list of credits. "In the ring I may be badass," she admits, before making the understatement of the year, "but when I'm modeling, it's 'Hotstuff' all the way."

Hollie's next pro bout is an undercard match during the Evander Holyfield Holy Fight Night: Unfinished Business event in Vienna, Austria, which will air on Pay-Per-View this summer. Hollie is scheduled to fight Krisztina Belinsky; the last time the two met, Hotstuff won a ten-round split decision to claim Belinsky's two world-championship titles.

"Not everybody agrees with nude modeling because not everybody's as comfortable with their body as I am. I read what people are saying in online forums, but I never chime in, no matter how much it upsets me. I just let 'em talk. If someone says something bad, I've got enough fans who'll stick up for me."

"This is the way I came out of my momma and into this world. I don't see the big sin in posing nude. I work hard for my body.... Boxing and modeling are two different things that I love, and I'm good at both. Most female boxers can't be models, because most of them look like men."

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Immoral Hotel

Penthouse Features

If what tightens your trousers is the sight of a tall, thin woman on all fours getting fucked from behind, her full, fat tits swaying with each thrust before she lies down cheek-to-sheet in a pose of damn-near perfect submission, Brooke Banner's coupling with James Deen is not to be missed. Avy Scott, statuesque Dylan Ryder, and Charles Dera perform an arousing three-way as friends back in town for a college reunion; the two ladies get down to business before Dera quickly jumps in, giving the scene—and his two partners—all he's got. A full-blown dyke coupling between Penthouse Pets Lela Star and the utterly fantastic Jana Jordan—ultrasexy here with her long, blonde locks—gives a good lesson to men and women alike on how to please a clit. Eden Adams, Kiera King, and the rest of the cast also make this attempt at bedroom farce enjoyable and, most important, erotic.

Above: Avy Scott, Dylan Ryder, and Charles Dera
Right: Jana Jordan under Lela Star

By Johnny Bronx

BRAZILIAN BEAUTIES
Penthouse Forum

One of the great things about New York City's notorious 42nd Street in the seventies and eighties was the peep shows, where you could watch 30 seconds of grainy silent porn—scenes that got right into the action with little, if any, plot. Such is the similar but not singular charm of this film, where bronze-skinned hotties milk the come from thick, veiny cocks of varying ethnic pedigree. Nikki Rio earns Best in Show with a beautiful, open-mouthed blowjob and a clit of Vanessa del Rio proportions that she frigs furiously while giving head. Although she's no great shakes in the B.J. department, Marcellinha Moraes's small-lipped cleft takes a deep reaming that more than makes up for it. This is utilitarian porn as it should be: abandoning all pretense to art in favor of a serviceable carnality that more than gets the job done.

Above: Marcellinha Moraes
Above right: Jana Cova and Georgia Jones

KITTENS VS. COUGARS
Penthouse Forum

The attraction of older women for younger girls—and vice versa—is explored in several steamy settings in this genre-melding girl-girl feature. Lexi Belle's use of a long shiny dildo on Veronica Rayne is just one of the highlights in their scene; from the second Veronica dives down on Lexi's thick-lipped puss, through the tender kisses that lead to fondled tits, then to the reciprocal lashing of the brunette beauty's gash, the pair elevates their scene to soaring heights of personal (and viewer) satisfaction. Jana Cova adds her usual class to the proceedings, playing a boss who is seduced by an employee, Georgia Jones. The playful aggressiveness turns the sexual dynamics of the typical workplace relationship on its head, creating a palpable and, best of all, strokeworthy sexual tension. Lexi and Missy Stone contribute perhaps the best scene, as the kittenish Missy gradually submits to Lexi's tongue. Nice stuff.

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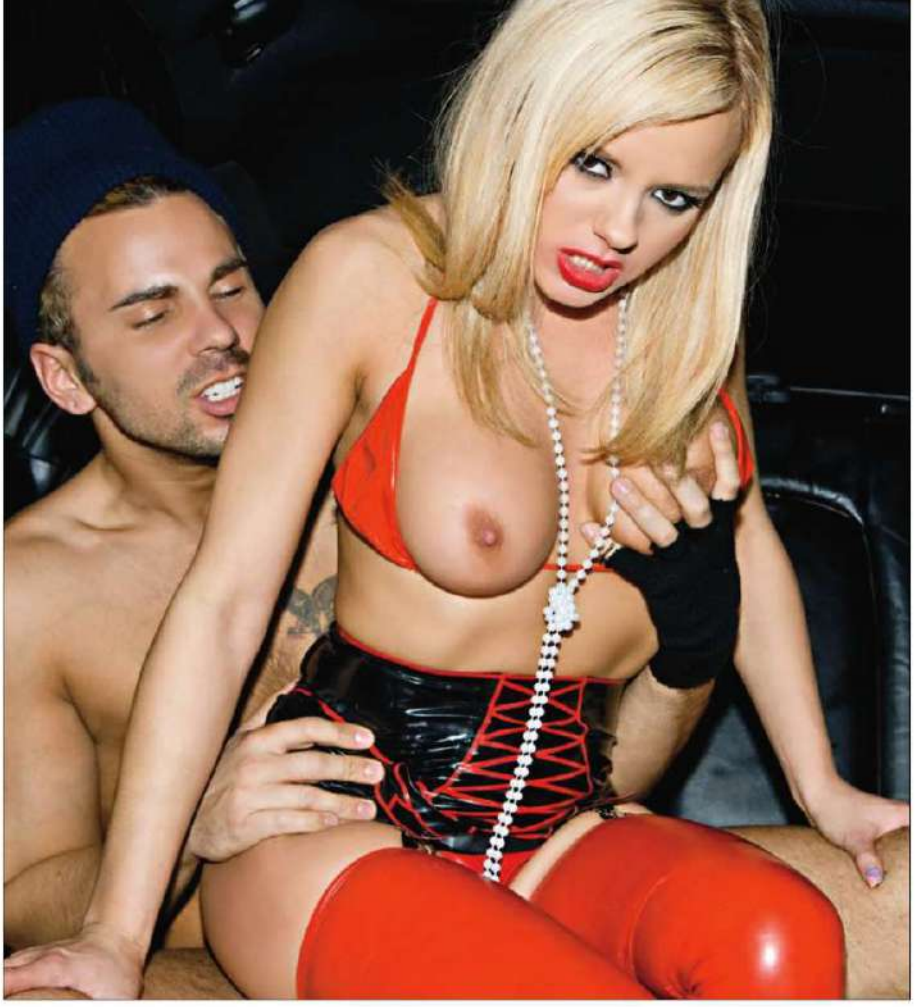


THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

One day last week I was pacing the showroom floor at the car dealership where I work, fingering the knot in my tie (God, how I hate wearing ties), when I spied a late-model SUV pull onto the lot at the far end. The door opened and a blonde woman got out. If I had to pick one word to describe her, it would be "knockout." Her hair hung loose around her shoulders, and her body was that unique combination of eye-catching curves and long, smooth lines that you see in one in a million girls, or maybe a classic Italian sports car. And she was well accessorized, with jewelry and an outfit that looked like it came off a fashion runway. Or a strip-club runway. I couldn't figure out which. Either way, she had all the options.

Turns out she was Russian, by way of Brooklyn. But she lived in an upscale area of New Jersey, where the billionaire rappers have their estates, on the cliffs above the Hudson River. It soon became clear that she was somebody's mistress—somebody with a lot of money. She wanted to buy a new car. That day. With cash.

I'm rarely tongue-tied, but my gift of gab nearly deserted me as she purred on with her musical Russian accent about our top-of-the-line models. She'd done her research, and wanted to have a look at one car in particular. She walked over to a glossy black model. Somebody had ordered it with every conceivable factory option, then never picked it up.

I opened the driver's side door. "Please," I said, gesturing formally.

"No, no," she said. "You." She asked me to take the driver's seat and show her how everything worked. She'd just gotten her license, she explained, smiling and blushing a bit with embarrassment. If I hadn't been head over heels already for this exotic beauty, that would have sealed the deal.

"Certainly, miss," I said, and ran around to open the passenger door, letting my eyes linger as she tried to hold her short skirt down and arrange her impossibly long legs in the seat. She glanced up and caught me staring. I looked away, but she just smiled and let go of the hem of her skirt, showing me a bit more. I stood there like a deer in headlights, until she interrupted my reverie with a laugh.

I snapped out of it, closed the passenger door, and ran around to the driver's seat.

The new-car smell was overwhelmed by the delicate fragrance of her perfume and lip gloss, her honey-colored hair, and another aroma I knew well from many backseat excursions—the scent of a woman thinking about closing a different type of deal. It was getting hard to concentrate, but I kept my mind on practicalities—my commission, my job, her flawless cleavage, her blue eyes beneath their long lashes, that teasing smile.... I demonstrated the climate-control system, the windows, and the sound system.

"Show me the seat. How far back does it go?"

"Pretty much all the way, full recline," I said.

"Show me," she said.

Our eyes met—my professional-salesman act was falling apart like a rust bucket on cinder blocks, and if I leaned the seat back, she would have a great view of the evidence in my pants. I flipped the armrest up and tilted back into a near-horizontal position, which had the unexpected effect of nearly choking me with my tie. I struggled to loosen the knot.

"Making yourself comfortable?" she asked with a laugh.

"No, my tie—"

"That looks very relaxing," she said. "Where is the switch?"

"Right on the side of your seat, underneath."

"Show me."

"But I'd have to—"

"Show me."

I sat up, pulling my tie down, and hesitantly reached across her, half expecting to get slapped. But she let my left arm rub across her breasts, our lips almost touching, and she didn't pull away at all.

"Excuse me," I said.

She just smiled. I had to duck my head almost in her lap to get to the lever on the far side of her seat. It was as if she were deliberately putting her delicious body in the way. "Ready?"

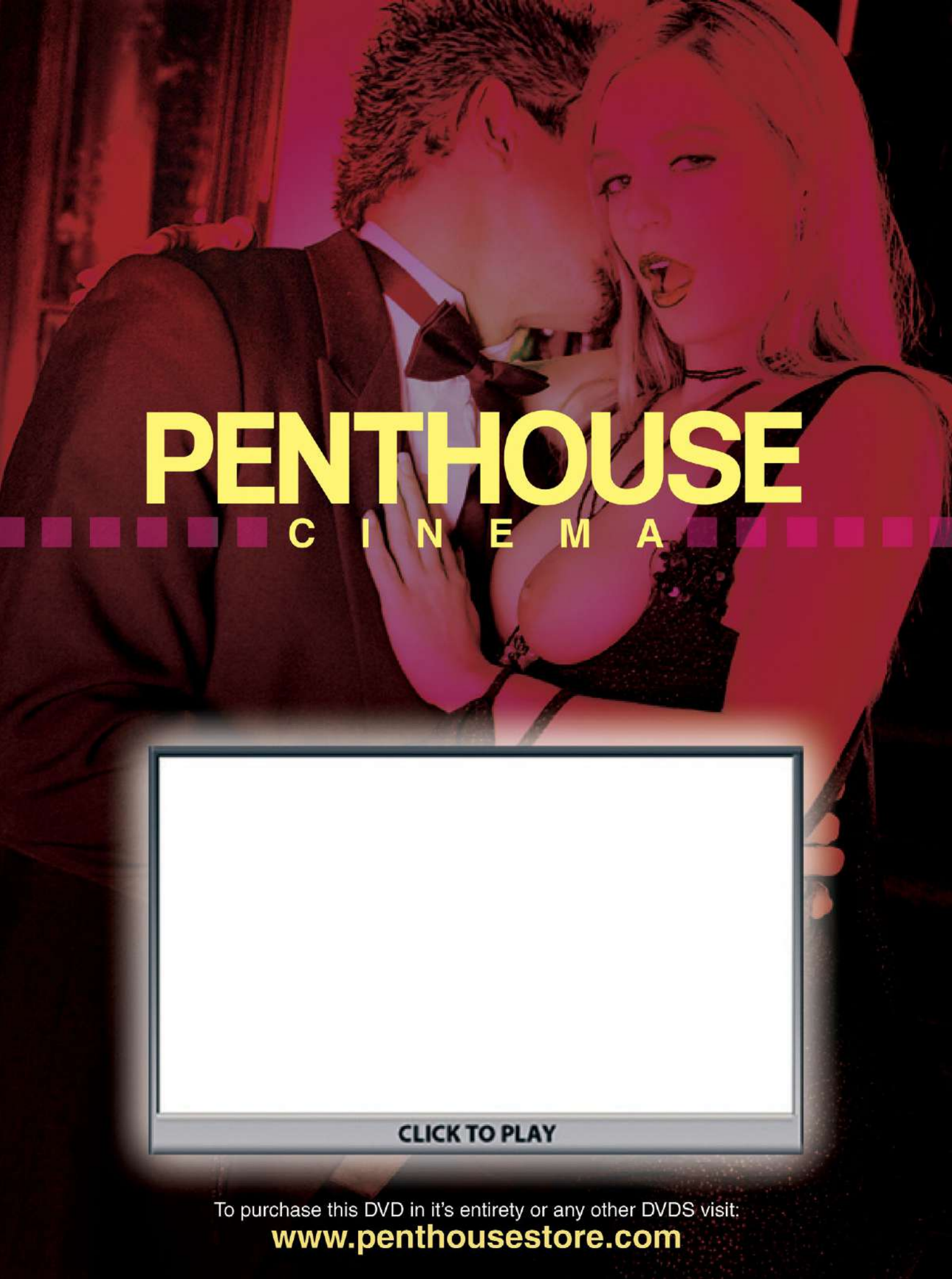
"I am ready," she said, with another little laugh.

I hit the switch and her seat began to lower.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with mock panic. "First your tie, now my skirt!"

She made a show of pulling her skirt down, but I could see the top of her fishnets, her garters, and the little hollow on the inside of her thigh, with just a flash of black lace panties.

I whipped out my dipstick to check her fluids. I held her legs and entered her rear as she moaned with pleasure.



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"So, are you comfortable?" I asked, taking the opportunity to run my fingers over the little butterfly tattoo at the top of her thigh.

"*Mmm*. Very comfortable."

By now my hand was on her cunt and I could feel the warm wetness soaking through her panties.

"Take me for a test drive," she murmured.

I pushed her flimsy panties to one side and buried my tongue deep in her sweet, shaved snatch. It tasted tart and delicious. I cupped her firm, round butt in both hands and pulled her cheeks wide so I could bury my tongue in her tiny asshole. Her pucker reflex yielded to the urgent probing of my tongue and soon I was exploring her ass, tongue-fucking her deep and long, like the stroke of an engine built for maximum torque. All the while, she murmured and cried out in Russian, the sound of her sweet, exotic voice making my piston thump in my pants.

I came up for air and sucked hungrily on her tits, where I found another tiny butterfly tattoo, then dove down again and ate her delicious ass, then resurfaced and buried my tongue in her mouth. I played that game for a while, taking my tongue straight from her ass to her mouth, and she sucked greedily on it, loving the taste of her own tailpipe.

"Fuck me, fuck my ass!" she cried.

I whipped out my dipstick to check her fluids, then pushed her back into the seat, with her long legs practically behind her head. I held them there and entered her ready rear as she moaned with pleasure.

Just as I was about to come in her sweet ass, she said, "Wait! I want to suck you. I want to taste your come!"

I wasn't going to argue. *The customer is always right,* I thought, and a moment later she had my cock deep in her mouth. She pulled it out just long enough to look up at me with those big blue eyes. "Let me swallow all your come," she begged. Then, holding my gaze, she slowly slid her lips back down my shaft, working her tongue all the while. I couldn't hold out any longer. I blew my load and she sucked it down greedily, like a V-8 guzzling premium fuel.

After we caught our breath, she fixed her makeup in the rearview mirror while I tried to get my tie on straight. She asked, "How much?"

At first I couldn't quite figure out what she meant.

"The car. How much?"

Ahh! I'd gotten distracted from my sales pitch. I quoted her the sticker price, then added the optional warranty, but she just put her finger to my lips and hushed me.

"Take it," she said, pushing her Prada handbag across the console.

"We'll have to go into the showroom to sign the papers," I said.

"No," she replied, shaking her head. "You go, come back, I sign here."

I did as she requested, and the look on my manager's face was something to see as I counted out stacks of hundred-dollar bills on his desk.

I hurried back out to the lot and jumped in the car.

"Here," I said, handing her the documents and the keys. "Be sure to come back to return the dealer plates and get inspected, and for your first oil change and service check after 5,000 miles—"

Again she put her finger to my lips, cutting me off.

"I'll come back for inspection tomorrow," she whispered in that musical voice, "and for service at very frequent intervals."—*H.G., New Jersey*

She told me not to come in her. The minute she started to shake with her own orgasm, I pulled out and sprayed my load all over her.

THE RIDE OF HER LIFE

To help pay college tuition, I work as a waiter at a local restaurant, where the majority of the staff is female. One night, an older waitress named Connie asked me for a ride. Her car had broken down and her husband was out of town, so she had no way to get home. For a 43-year-old, Connie is very sexy, with curvy hips and a nice butt, not to mention great tits. Connie really likes my car—a fast, red babe-magnet—and as I was driving her home, she kept talking about how sexy it was.

At first I thought she just really liked the car, but then she put her hand on my thigh, and the further we drove, the higher up my leg her hand went. I started to wonder if a cool car was going to be enough to get this hot older woman to give me some pussy.

Her hand kept creeping closer to my crotch, until finally she had my hard-on in her hand and I had to pull over. When the car stopped, she asked me what was wrong, her hand still on my dick. In response, I slowly slid my hand up her leg and under the skirt of her uniform, resting it just below her crotch. She leaned over and kissed me, and I pawed at her breasts while she helped me unbutton her shirt. She has great tits, and I sucked them vigorously as I rubbed her wet pussy. We struggled to undress each other in the small space, but before long we were naked.

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I couldn't believe she was going to let me fuck her! I wanted to get my dick in her fast, but since we were still in the front seat of the car, the gearshift was in the way. I had to recline Connie's seat and climb over her. The gearshift was rubbing my thigh as I pumped in and out of her, but I barely noticed it. I was so thrilled to be fucking Connie.

We were really going at it, with the windows fogging up and the car rocking. That made me thrust even harder, and she began moaning loudly. I was glad we'd pulled off the road where we had, because if I'd waited any longer, we'd have been in a residential area. Connie was loud, so I had no doubt that people would've heard us.

When I felt my climax coming on I told Connie, and she told me not to come in her. I really wanted to shoot deep into her pussy, but the thought of coming all over her stomach and tits was pretty exciting, too. The minute she started to shake with her own orgasm, I pulled out and sprayed my load all over her, getting a good coating on her sweet tits. Connie grabbed my dick and jerked me off, making sure she milked every drop. Then she rubbed my come into her skin and licked some off her fingers while I watched.

The sight of Connie covered in my seed excited me so much that I was hard again instantly, and I fucked her one more time.

After we both came a second time, we got dressed as best we could and I drove her the rest of the way home.—*Name and address withheld*

HAPPY-HOUR SPECIAL

I was on my third rum and Coke, and running out of lines to use as I attempted to pick up the hot bartender. My buddy Dimitri and I had gone into the bar for happy hour and we were still there, competing to see who would get the gorgeous mixologist to give up her number. Neither one of us was having much luck.

When we saw Cori logging off the register and taking out her cash drawer, we figured it was time to split. We each threw a few more bucks on the bar and downed the last drops in our glasses. We were on our feet and halfway to the door when Cori grabbed us and held us back.

"Hey, where are you guys goin'?"

"Your shift's over," Dimitri told her suavely. "No point in hanging around."

"If you're not busy, you should come back to my place," she said. Dimitri looked at me and smirked, thinking he'd won. "Both of you." Well, that was unexpected.

We looked at each other again and shrugged, not really sure what to make of the invitation. "Sure," I told her, "I'm in." Dimitri shrugged again and agreed to come along, too.

I wasn't sure if she was just being nice or if she wanted to hook up, but either way it seemed a bit strange to invite us both home. *I guess we just have to wait and see what happens,* I thought, wondering what the waifish bartender had in mind.

Her apartment was only a few blocks away, and when we got inside she went to get us a couple of beers. Dimitri and I sat on opposite ends of her small couch, checking out her apartment and trying to guess what would go down. "Who knows," Dimitri said. "And who cares. She's hot." I had to agree.

Cori came back with our drinks a couple of minutes later and sat down between us, drawing us into a conversation—about what I honestly don't remember. All of a sudden Cori grabbed Dimitri, who was talking, pulled him to her, and started to make out with him. I had no idea what to do, so I sat there awkwardly and sipped my beer. I wanted to leave, but could not bring myself to do it. Good thing, too, because less than a minute later, Cori had broken her kiss with Dimitri and was kissing me. *What the fuck is going on?* I wondered. I'd never been in a situation like that before in my life.

She made up for the awkwardness with the best blowjob ever. Soon I forgot there was anyone else there.

When she pulled away from me, I got a look at my buddy's face, and he looked like I'd felt only a moment earlier. Cori stood up and grabbed our hands, pulled us to our feet, and began dragging us across her apartment toward the door. Dimitri and I looked at each other, thinking for a second she was kicking us out, but then she took a sharp right into her bedroom, the centerpiece of which was a king-size bed.

She pulled off her clothes quickly, tossing them haphazardly across the room. When she was naked, she started in on us. First came our shirts, followed by shoes, socks, pants, and boxers, all of which were carelessly strewn about the bedroom. I felt strange standing totally nude next to another guy—this wasn't the gym locker room, after all—and it got weirder when Cori had us sit side by side on the edge of the bed. But she more than made up for the awkwardness with the best blowjob ever. She got on her knees between us and started sucking first my prick and then Dimitri's. Her mouth was magical, and the more she slobbered on my schlong, the more comfortable I felt. Soon I forgot there was anyone else there at all.

As soon as she had both our pricks standing at attention, she climbed

onto the mattress and had us sandwich her between our bodies. Dimitri, a self-described ass man, got her beautiful backside, and I got her silky-smooth pussy.

"I want you both to fuck me," she moaned, and though neither of us had ever been involved in a threesome with each other, we knew exactly what to do.

Dimitri shoved his dick into her wet cunt from behind and thrust into her several times. When he pulled out, his cock was slick with her juices and ready to go into her ass. I let him go first, and he eased his prick into her tight asshole slowly, inch by inch. Once he was all the way in, it was my turn. I pushed my dick as deep into her cunt as it would go, our bodies so close that I could hardly tell where she ended and I began.

I could feel Dimitri's hard cock buried in her ass through the thin membrane that separated her two tight holes, but now it wasn't freaking me out at all. It was actually kind of awesome, knowing this girl wanted to screw us both so bad that she had to have us at the same time.

I started thrusting into her, and when I'd set the rhythm, Dimitri joined in. Every time I pushed in, he pulled out, and vice versa. It was easy enough, and soon we were both pounding into her. No matter how hard we fucked her, though, Cori begged for more, and we did our best to give it to her.

Finally, the seemingly insatiable bartender started to pant, and her speech became staggered. "Fuck. Me. Harder," she begged, and we complied. She was close to the end, and after a dozen more thrusts from each of us, she came, shrieking with excitement.

I came next, filling her cunt with a load of semen, and Dimitri followed suit, shooting deep into her ass. When it was over, we dug around for our clothes, dressed, and left.

We haven't talked about that strange night since, but you can bet it was an event Dimitri and I won't forget!—*S.T., New York*

ALL FIRED UP

Going to the shooting range has always been one of my favorite hobbies, and I'll admit, it's a great way to meet guys. I'm usually the only girl there—the only straight girl, at least—and I've discovered that guys find girls who carry guns to be superhot. They don't even care if I'm a better shot than they are, as long as they get to see me holding their favorite firearm.

Last week I was at the range as usual, shooting up the target to work out some stress, when the manager of the place interrupted to introduce a new member—another woman. Her name was Sasha and she looked nothing like the women who usually joined. She was very feminine, wearing a short skirt, T-shirt, a cropped denim jacket, and a pair of sparkly ballet flats—not the usual shoot-'em-up attire. The manager asked me if I'd mind showing her around, since he had other business to take care of. I didn't mind, so he left Sasha in my care.

While I gave her a quick tour, we talked, and she said she used to live out in the country, where she could set up target practice in the backyard. Since moving to the city, though, she'd missed having the freedom to practice whenever she wanted, and she hoped the range would be a good alternative. I couldn't believe a girl like her was actually a skilled shooter, and I asked her if she wanted to fire off a few rounds. She jumped at the chance—she really did miss her gun-toting country days, it seemed—and gave me a run for my money, making quick work of the target. I finally understood why all the guys went nuts for the few women at our range: Girls with guns are hot!

When my time was up, I cleaned up my station and went to sign out, and Sasha was right behind me. She asked if I was interested in coming by her place—she lived only a few minutes away—to have some coffee and get to know each other.

Back at Sasha's place, we shared chai lattes and talked about what had gotten us into shooting. Then we talked about the fact that most guys thought we were lesbians, because they didn't think really femme girls would carry guns—let alone enjoy shooting them. "I don't get it, though," Sasha said. "They think we're lesbians, but they always hit on us. It makes no sense."

I laughed, but Sasha wasn't done: "Besides, there really aren't that many firearm-wielding lesbians. I wish there were, but only a handful of the women I've met at ranges are into girls, and they're usually really butch."

She was a skilled shooter, and I finally understood why the guys went nuts for women at the range: Girls with guns are hot!

Wait, I thought, *she's a lesbian?* Instead of wondering if she was going to hit on me, I began *hoping* she would. There was something undeniably erotic about Sasha, and I was eager to "get to know her."

This was my lucky night, because almost as soon as Sasha finished her rant about not finding any hot girls at the gun range, she started to turn on the charm, flirting so obviously that it was impossible to ignore—not that I wanted to ignore it. She started stroking my arm as she talked, playing with my hair, leaning closer and closer to me with each word she spoke. Soon she was right on top of me, one hand tangled in my hair and the other caressing my thigh. There was no doubt that she wanted me.

I didn't even bother flirting back. I just grabbed her and kissed her, my hot mouth pressing firmly against hers, our lips mashing together. She was an amazing kisser, and when I pushed my tongue against her lips, looking for more, she eagerly opened her mouth and granted me entrance.

Things moved quickly after that, and soon our hands were ripping each other's clothes off. Sasha had a beautiful body, and I was anxious to get my hands on it. As soon as I had her clothes off, I kissed her all over, from the tops of her ears to the tips of her toes, bypassing her tits and pussy, though—I wanted to save the best for last. She was lean and strong, and after I'd covered every inch of her

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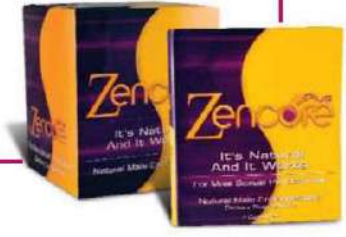

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body with kisses, I turned my attention back to her most delicate parts.

I suckled her tits hungrily, spending long moments enjoying each one. They weren't big, just a handful each, but her skin felt so warm and soft, and tasted so sweet, that I couldn't get enough. By the time I pulled myself away to move down to her pussy, I was addicted.

If Sasha's tits were tasty, her pussy was the equivalent of five-star dining. The moisture that clung to her nether lips was an absolute delight, and I licked up every available drop. I was insatiable. But I couldn't just satisfy my own hunger. Based on the thrusting of her hips and her loud moans, Sasha had needs, too.

Responding to her signals, I added a finger to the pussy play. I tapped her clit with it a bit, drawing out some exceptional moans, then eased it into her wet slit. I gently stroked her G spot, not wanting to set her off too soon. When I felt that she was ready, I added a second finger and began thrusting in and out of her tight cunt. A third finger was quickly added, then a fourth. I wildly fucked her cunt with my fingers, and Sasha took it like a pro, the entire time begging for more, more, more.

It didn't hurt that touching her was turning me on. By the time I had her on the verge of a climax, I wasn't that far off myself.

Finally, Sasha started grunting loudly, her body convulsing under my touch. She was coming, and her juices thickly coated my hand. Feeling her slick wetness against my skin, covering my lips, my tongue, my fingers, set me off, and I started to come, too—though my pussy had yet to be touched. It was the wildest thing that had ever happened to me, and I couldn't believe how lucky I'd gotten.

I slept over at Sasha's that night, and she gave me all the pleasure I'd given her, and then some. And in the morning, after an early fuck and a big breakfast, it was back to the shooting range to work out our stress—and build up the passion we now felt for each other!—*Name and address withheld*

Sasha's pussy was the equivalent of five-star dining. The moisture that clung to her nether lips was an absolute delight!

Sigourney Weaver

As the last survivor of the doomed spaceship *Nostromo,* Sigourney Weaver vanquished the shrieking evil extraterrestrial in 1979's *Alien* and changed Hollywood forever.

After *Alien,* if a star was hot enough, being a badass was huge box office—and Sigourney Weaver's character Ellen Ripley redefined science-fiction movies. Now those stars could be sexy, too. Director Ridley Scott must have realized this the moment Weaver, then a little-known stage actress, appeared for her audition wearing black leather boots that embraced her long, beautiful legs, all the way up to her hot pants. "They were real hooker's boots," the six-foot-tall star told a British newspaper, "with what must have been three-inch heels. And I had these tiny pants tucked into the top of them. I towered over Ridley. And he, well, he didn't care at all.... He loved it."

Billions of moviegoers have "loved it" since then. Through all the *Alien* sequels, as well as such hits as *Ghostbusters, The Year of Living Dangerously, Working Girl,* and *Avatar,* Weaver's steamy, take-no-prisoners sensuality has enthralled men and made her a feminist role model. No small part of her appeal is the sense of humor that underlies even her most melodramatic roles. "Comedy," she told *Esquire,* "is the most important thing in the world except for justice."

But that means, of course, that justice is her priority. And when she's outraged, Sigourney Weaver doesn't need a script to be badass. Despite her support of President Obama, she blasted him on offshore drilling ("I think we need real leadership to move us past this"). And when James Cameron's ex-wife won this year's best-movie Oscar, Weaver went ballistic: "Jim [doesn't] have breasts, and I think that was the reason."

Ellen Ripley couldn't have said it better.

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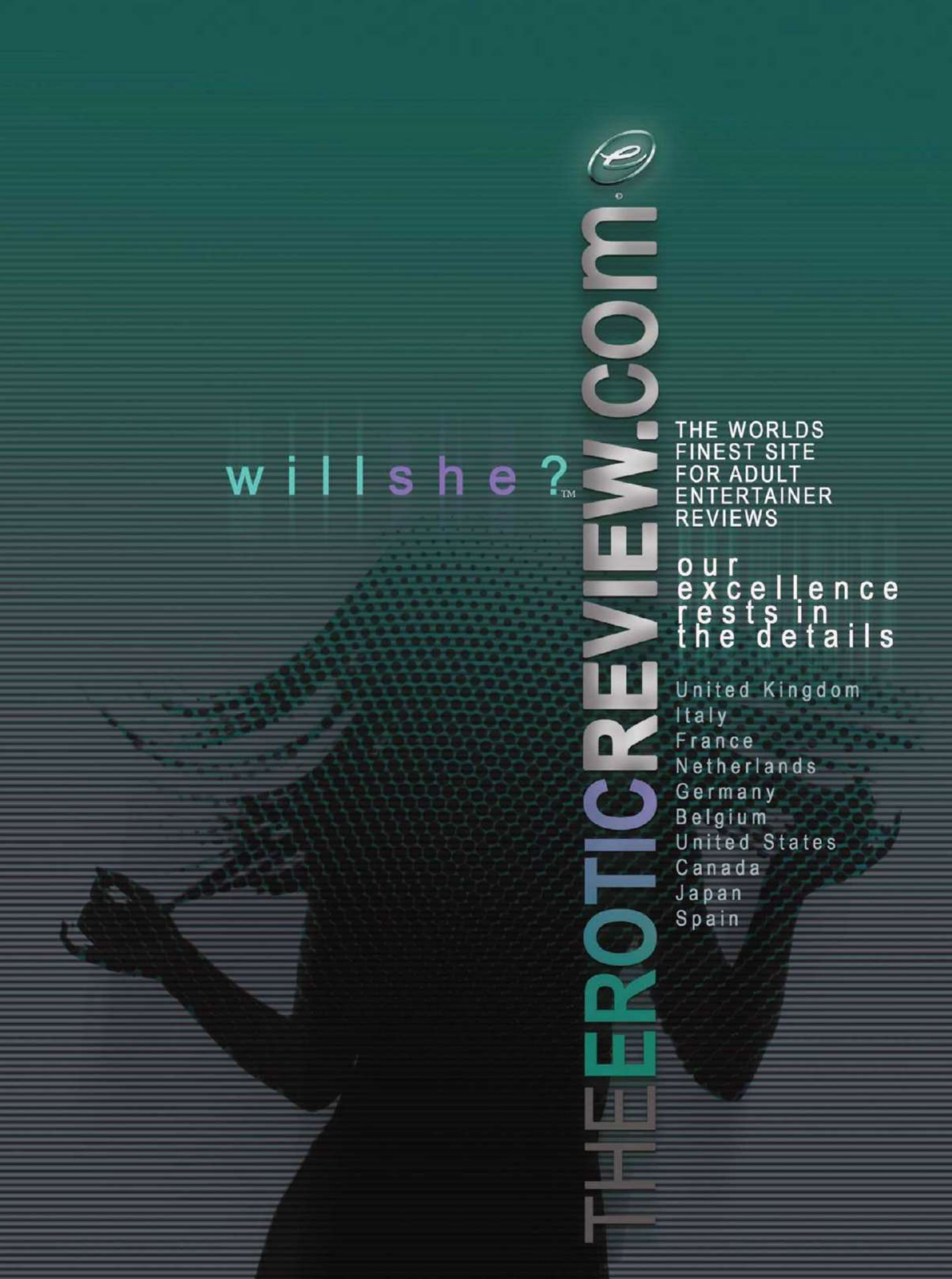
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